McKean County Miner.

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JERRY McCARTHY DIES SUDDENLY LAST FRIDAY.

It Is Said He Died From Paris Green Poisoning.

SUICIDE THEORY NOT BELIEVED.

He was Found in Dying Condition by His Aged Wife Early Friday Morning—Had Been a Resident of Smethport over Fifty Years—Funeral Held Monday Morning.

Jerry McCarthy, an aged and respected resident of this borough, died suddenly at his home on East Main street early Friday morning. His death was very sudden for although he had not been feeling well the day previous, he was in excellent health and spirits generally for a man of his age.

The report was circulated that the cause of his death was a dose of Paris green taken with suicidal intent but it is hard for those who knew him best to believe that he would commit this rash act. He possessed a happy, genial disposition, had nothing to trouble him and there is no known reason for his ending his earthly career, if he really did. Many of his friends firmly believe that his death was due to heart trouble.

Jerry McCarthy was born in County Kerry, Ireland, in 1833, making him 77 years of age, and came to this country when a young man He learned the shoemaker's trade in the old country and followed that vocation all his life. He had a shop in Smethport most of the time for the past fifty years or more, and although he has not followed his trade regularly for the past few years, he did some cobbling at his home for the shoemakers here. He was an expert gardner and took great pride in his produce. A few years of his early life was spent in Potter county.

In April, 1856, he was united in marriage to Miss Agnes Cunningham who then resided in Tioga county, and to them was born twelve children, eight of whom survive with their aged mother to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father. The surviving children are John McCarthy of this place, Dave McCarthy of Mt. Jewett, William McCarthy of Chillicothe, Ohio, Eugene McCarthy of Olean, Mrs. W. V. Provin of Olean, Mrs. John Keeley of Okmulgee, Okla., Mrs. A. L. Colegrove of Olean, and Mrs. S. E. McLafferty of Hazelhurst. He is also survived by twenty-seven grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

The funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church at 9 o'clock Monday morning and his remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

K. & S. Engine Went Through Trestle This Morning.

The engine which hauls the "Merry Widow" passenger train on the K. & S. railroad, went through the trestle over the dyke in the rear of Herzog's grist mill, shortly before noon to-day and a bad accident was narrowly averted.

A loaded box car consigned to the mill was being shoved onto the receiving switch alongside the building and the engine and tender had just gotten squarely onto the trestle, filling it from end to end when one of the two piers gave way and the structure partially collapsed.

The trestle sagged about three feet in the place where the pier gave way and while the engine did not go through, it leaned on a dangerous angle towards the apron of the dyke and had it toppled over, which it narrowly escaped doing, it would have taken a drop of ten or twelve feet and submerged itself in water, as it was it was left in a position where it was liable to go down at any time.

Mr. Scott, the engineer, and Emmett Quinlisk, the fireman, were in the cab at the time but escaped unscathed.

A force of men, which had been sent here this morning for the very purpose of repairing the trestle were at once put to work jacking up the part that gave way and the engine will be hauled from its perilous position as soon as this is accomplished. It escaped injury entirely.

That some one was not killed or greater damage done by this accident seems almost miraculous.

PLACED IN DURANCE VILE.

"Patsey" Henretty Badly Beat His Wife.

Monday evening a family fight of the first magnitude was pulled off at the home of Patrick Henretty on Water street.

During the day Henretty had gotten into his liquor—not that there is anything out of the ordinary in the fact "Patsey" got intoxicated—for he remains in that state the majority of the time and is absolutely worthless to himself or anybody else—but on this particular day while generally of a genial disposition, he also got in a peevish mood, probably due to the excessive heat.

At supper time he and his wife got into a heated discussion and mixed things up in a lively manner. During the fracas Patsey seized a heavy cup and hurled it at his better half and the missle landed with much force on the woman's fae, cutting her quite badly.

The noise attendant upon the festivities attracted quite a crowd of people and Officers McCarthy and Foote rushed to the scene, and captured the pugnacious and unerring discus thrower, who they placed in the borough training quarters.

Dr. Ostrander was summoned and attended the woman and it was necessary to take several stitches to close up an ugly wound on her forhead, caused by the crockery. Henretty was also slightly cut about the head in the set to.

Tuesday the wife refused to make information against her husband and as a consequence he got off with a hearing before Burgess Cleveland on a charge of distrubing the peace. The burgess, after hearing the facts at hand, sentenced Henretty to pay a fine of $7 or undergo imprisonment in the borough lockup for a period of 48 hours, the best sentence the magistrate had at his disposal to meet the merits of the case.

The prisoner made a proposition to liquidate the fine on the installment plan, which was not received with favor by the court, and as a consequence he was compelled to do penance for the prescribed period and will complete his marathon this afternoon.

Henretty, it is said, at one time worked, but that period of his life is only a dim memory of prehistoric age, and, although he is the head of a large family, he is able to exist in some manner unknown. He is an elusive character and this is the first time the authorities have had cause to gather him in.

BAD MAN ARRESTED.

Austrian Wanted for Stabbing Countryman at Brookville Captured Near Newton.

Monday evening Constable Foote received a telephone message from a constable from Brookville, Pa., who was at Mt. Jewett, requesting the local officers to meet him at Newton the following morning, to make an arrest.

It appears that some time ago two Austrian working in the mines near Brookville got into an altercation, which ended by one of the men drawing a knife and slashing the other through the eyes and nose, terribly wounding him. After committing the assault the Austrian escaped from the constable who arrested him, but the authorities recently learned that he was working on the B., R. & P. construction work near Newton.

The constable came through to Mt. Jewett and by the aid of County Detective Jones located his man, but as the man wanted knew the officer by sight, the latter deemed it advisable to secure some one else to make the arrest.

Constable Foote went to Newton Tuesday morning, where he met the Brookville constable and together they went to the point where the man was working, about two miles from Newton.

The Austrian was at work on a car upon their arrival and Officer Foote approached him while the other constable remained out of sight.

When the local officer placed him under arrest the man showed a disposition to put up a fight with a brake stick which he was carrying, but he was promptly overcome, and turned over to the other officer, who took him back to Brookville for trial.

Desertion Notice.

My wife, Ethel, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation I will not be responsible for debts contracted by her in my name.

MILO OVIATT,
Norwich, Pa.

STABBING AFFRAY AT BOYER SUNDAY NIGHT.

Two Austrians Were the Principals of the Encounter.

JOE SUSIGE MAY NOT SURVIVE.

He Was Wounded in Abdomen and Back—Steve Spear His Assailant Captured and Committed to Jail Without Bail—Stabbing Was Outcome of Quarrel.

Camp No. 7 on the new B., R. & P. construction work, located near Boyer, between Mt. Jewet and Newton, was the scene of a stabbing affray Sunday night in which Joe Susige, a foreigner, received what will probably prove to be fatal wounds.

Susige and another man, named Joe Spear, both of whom are Austrians employed as laborers by the Miller construction company, got into an altercation at the camp and suddenly, before any of the other men could interfere Spear drew a knife and buried it twice in Susige's body, inflicting bad wounds in his abdomen and back.

After committing his act Spear attempted to escape, but another Austrian, named Durkerdge, who was one of those at the camp at the time, pluckily tackled the man and, disarming him, held him prisoner until the arrival of an officer.

Medical aid was immediately dispatched for and the authorities at Mt. Jewett and County Detective Jones of this borough were notified.

A Mt. Jewett physician went to the camp and attended the wounded man. It was found that his injuries were of a most serious nature, and as his system is otherwise weakened by a ravaging disease it is thought that his chances for recovery are very slight.

Chief-of-Police Faulkenburg of Mt. Jewett went to Boyer the same evening and got Spear and took him to Mt. Jewett.

County Detective Jones went to the scene Monday and after he had gathered evidence in the case a hearing was held before Justice of the Peace Lundburg of Mt. Jewett.

After hearing the evidence the justice committed Spear to jail without bail, to await the outcome of his crime, and Detective Jones brought the man to Smethport Tuesday morning where he lodged him in the county prison.

DEATH OF MRS. E. F. BURDICK

Occurred at Punxsutawney Sunday Last.

Mrs. Allie Burdick, wife of Mr. E. F. Burdick, a well known Pennsylvania railroad conductor of Pittsburgh, died at Punxsutawney, aged 78 years.

Mrs. Burdick had recently gone to Punxsutawney, where she met her sister, Mrs. J. S. McCarthy of this borough, and the two ladies were visiting at the hame of another sister, Mrs. Thomas Maloney.

On Wednesday of last week Mrs. Burdick sustained a stroke of paralysis in her left side, from which she did not recover and Sunday it is thought she sustained a second stroke and death resulted.

Miss Allie Amend was born at Clermont and about 25 years ago she was united in marriage to E. F. Burdick.

For a number of years they resided in this section where Mr. Burdick was a passenger conductor on the Clermont branch of the W. N. Y. & P. railroad. They subsequently moved to Pittsburg where they have resided since.

The deceased is survived by her husband, E. F. Burdick, and one son, Fred, also by two sisters, Mrs. Thomas Maloney of Punxsutawney, Mrs. J. S. McCarthy of Smethport, and three brothers, John of Wilcox, Jake and Martin Amend of Clermont.

Mrs. Burdick was a woman possessed of excellent traits of character and her death came as a distinct shock to her many friends in this section.

The remains were brought to Clermont where the funeral was held Tuesday afternoon and interment was made.

The Miner unites with many friends in extending condolences to those who have been so sadly stricken by the death of this estimable woman.

THE BIG GRANGE PICNIC

Will Be Held at Coryville, Wednesday, August 24th.

The big annual Grange picnic will be held at Coryville on Wednesday of next week, Aug., 23.

The McKean County Grange picnic and field day is one of the largest farm gatherings in the county. It was estimated that over 2000 people attended it last year. This season makes the eighth year the patrons have met together. Coryville is an ideal place for a county picnic. It is located in the center of the county and has two railroads which makes it very easy to reach and leave Coryville. The Pomona and Coryville granges are putting forth every effort to make this year a record breaker. The grounds hav been put in order and committees appointed to make this year's Field Day greater than any one of the past. The Grange Bank of Smethport has offered over $25 in prizes for the athletic contests, they have not only offered $25 but have started the different granges working for these prizes. Plenty of music gives life to an open air meeting—the Eldred band will be on the grounds early and furnish music all the day.

Very strong speakers have been secured for the day. Hon. Wm. T. Creasy, State Master, is a man of influence throughout the state. He has served eight terms in the Pennsylvania legislature. He was not merely a member of that body for 16 years but a leader for the best interests of the state. "Farmer Creasy" as he is called is one of the ablest leaders in the grange to-day. John A. McSparren, Furnlss, Pa., is a fluent speaker and a member of the State Grange legislative committee. McSparren is a candidate for Congress in his home district.

The following interesting program has been prepared.

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KILLED NEAR BOYER.

Harry Shurr, Employed on B., R. & P. Construction Fell Under Wheels of Engine.

Harry Shurr, employed by the Miller construction company on its work of grading along the B., R. & P. railroad between Newton and Mt. Jewett was instantly killed Monday evening at Miller siding near Boyer.

The man was employed as engineer of a "dinkey" engine, which was used in hauling gravel and was standing a short distance away from his engine when for some unknown reason it started to move. He ran and caught the moving engine and in an attempt to board it he fell beneath the wheels, with the resul that his head was horribly crushed and death resulted instantly.

Shurr was about 38 years of age and his home was in Clinton county, this state.

Coroner Sherman visited the scene and made inquiries concerning the fatality, upon being notified.

Undertaken Lentz of Mt. Jewett took charge of the remains and prepared them for burial.

RYAN-BURDICK.

Pretty Home Wedding Solemnized Last Thursday.

Last Thursday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Burdick, occurred the marriage of Mr. Albert Ryan and Miss Beth A. Burdick, Rev. W. A. Harris of the M. E. church, this borough, saying the words that united the destinies of this young couple.

The bride has, for some time past, been one of the efficient nurses at the Kane hospital, having fitted herself for that profession at several of the leading hospitals of the east. She is a popular and charming young lady who is the possessor of hosts of friends in this section. The groom is the agent for the Prudential Insurance Company in the Bradford district.

The wedding was a quiet one and was witnessed by a few relatvies and friends of the contracting parties. After the ceremony a luncheon was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan will make Bradford their future home and The Miner unites with many friends in best wishes for their future prosperity.

Students at Edinboro Normal are taught HOW and WHAT to study. Fall session begins Sept. 6, 1910. A circular and special catalog will be mailed on application to the Principal.

John F. Bigler, Prin.

LESS THAN THREE WEEKS TO McKEAN COUNTY FAIR.

Two Weeks From Tuesday the Gates Will Open.

SOME GREAT FREE ATTRACTIONS.

They Include the "Nebraska Bill's" Wild West Outfit, The Great Lorre Troupe of Five People and the Tumbling Tunis—Final Arrangements are now Being Made and This Year's Exposition Will Eclipse Them All.

In less than a month now the gates of the county fair will be thrown open for the Sixth Annual Fair & Races of the McKean County Fair Association. We are enabled this week to give our readers a good idea of this year's program which is being arranged by the management for the instruction and amusement of the people of this and surrounding counties. Tuesday, the opening day, affords all an opportunity of getting the first look at the exhibits. These will be larger and more varied than ever this year—and it should be borne in mind, that whatever is shown is a product of McKean county. The midway will be at its best on Tuesday.

Wednesday is Firemen's Day—when the members of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's Association gather at the fair. They will come from Bradford, Kane, Port Allegany, Mt. Jewett and Smethport and perhaps other places out of the county in large numbers. Their program will start with a parade to the fair grounds after arrival of trains. Hose and Hub and Hub races, drills, foot races, etc., for handsome prizes will then be hotly contested for at the grounds. The various companys will have fire fighting apparatus and perhaps several bands of music with them. In the evening an illuminated parade and a Firemen's Ball will wind up the day.

Thursday will be Bradford and Grange Day. The people of Bradford are very liberal always and especially so with our fair. They will be here in large numbers again on Thursday and Secretary McCoy is making a special effort to make Bradford Day worthy of its object this year. Grange Day is coming to be one of the big features of the fair. This year in addition to a prominent speaker the program calls for a Field Day for grangers only. Ball games, races and other athletic contests will fur-

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THE CASE CUTLERY WORKS.

Warren is Pleased to Secure Former Smethport Industry.

The Warren Mirror of Friday has the following to say in regards to the Case Bros. Cutlery Co., whose plant in this borough was destroyed by fire some time ago, and who subsequently decided to move to Warren, Pa., in spite of the fact that the Smethport Cut Glass Co.'s factory building on Water street was offered to them for a very small sum and about $2,000 had been pledged by public spirited citizens of this place to keep the industry here:

"It is practically assured that Warren will have another good industry. John D. Case and brother, whose reputation as knife manufacturers is widely known, have decided to locate in Warren under the provision that they be given a site suitable for their use. They feel that the business men of Warren can afford to give them $1,500 and this has been agreed to providing sufficient subscriptions are received and this is beyond question. The lot selected is near the corner of Parker street and Penna. avenue, and is well adapted for the purpose. It will cost $1,800, but the Case Company will pay $300 of this amount and make an agreement not to have it deeded to them in a less period than ten years.

The Case company say they will start business here with at least 35 men and expect to have a hundred employed within a year. Most of the men are mechanics and will draw good wages.

The proposed building will be cement and brick and two stories, ground base 40x100 feet.

Mr. Kendall and Dr. Russell solicited for a short time on the East Side this forenoon and Mr. Gregory saw several on this side of the Conewango regarding funds for the purchase of the lot. They met with much encouragement and it is assured, beyond preadventure, the cutlery works will be located here."

It is understood that most of the machinery which passed through the fire at the local plant can be repaired practically good as new, and it seems passing strange that the owners of the industry with fine factory facilities available at a sacrifice figure and a neat bonus extended to them, not to speak of the fact that they at present own a fine factory site here, would go to the big and unnecessary expense of erecting a new plant and moving their outfit to Warren, where much smaller inducements have been offered them, according to the foregoing article from the Mirror.

PEFFER-GOSHORN.

Popular Young Couple United in Marriage Last Thursday.

Mr. George W. Peffer of Mt. Holly Springs, Pa., and Miss Lena Jane Goshorn, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Goshorn of Hazelhurst, Pa., were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, at five o'clock Thursday afternoon, August 11th, Rev. A. S. M. Hopkins, pastor of the Hazelhurst M. E. church officiating, while Mr. H. Kaseman of Laquin, Pa., filled the position of groomsman, and Miss Ada Douglas of New Castle, that of bridesmaid.

There was present on the occasion in addition to numerous Hazelhurst friends, the following from other places: Mr. J. Hartzell of Mt. Holly Springs, Pa.; the Misses Davis of Carlisle, Pa.; A. V. Durand of Moscow, N. Y.; Mrs. Nora Orren of Newport, Pa.; Mrs. Daniel Briner of New Bloomfield, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Beers and Mrs. O. Vaughn of Mt. Union, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Lehentaler, Mrs. H. D. Parsons, Mrs. Lawrence Monroe and Mrs. Alton Gardner of Mt. Jewett.

Following the ceremony a sumptuous wedding supper was served at the conclusion of which the bridal party proceeded to Kane via the auto route, taking the train from there for points in the East, where they will spend a couple of weeks, after which they will be at home at Laquin, Pa. Prof. Peffer holding a responsible position at the head of the schools of that place.

The bride was the recepient of a large and valuable assortment of presents from her numerous friends in this and other localities.

The bride has spent by far the greater portion of her life in this locality, and so adjusted her comings and goings as to win the esteem and respect of all, which she will carry with her into her new path, together with hopes for her continued happiness.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

The bride has for about two years past been the efficient organist at St. Luke's church, this borough, and is a highly talented musician. During her connection with this edifice she made many friends and admirers in Smethport, who will unite with The Miner in extending best wishes on this happy occasion.

KILLED BY KICK OF STEER.

Wife of a Farmer Living Near Port Allegany Met Shocking Death.

Mrs. Hart Curtis, the wife of a farmer who lives on the road between Port Allegany and Wright's Corners, was killed Friday afternoon by a steer which was tied in the farm pasture.

Mr. Curtis had tied the steer to a tree and in the afternoon the animal became entangled in the rope and was thrown to the ground. Mrs. Curtis learned of the steer's predicament and with one of her children, hurried to the pasture. The steer had the hitching rope wound around its neck and Mrs. Curtis at once endeavored to release the animal. She was evidently trying to roll the steer over, when the animal kicked her. Its hoof struck the woman in the abdomen with such force that hemorrhages followed, quickly causing death.

The child ran home and gave the alarm. A neighbor hastened to the field but Mrs. Curtis had already succumbed to the terrible injury she sustained.

Coroner Sherman of Bradford was notified of Mrs. Curtis' death and went to Port Allegany Saturday but did not deem an inquest necessary.

House for Rent or Sale.

Will rent very reasonable to the right party. Inquire of

H. C. WELLS.

THE PIMIENTA PANCAKES.

Sheep Man Outwits Cowpuncher In the Wooing of a Maiden.

By O. HENRY.

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While we were rounding up a bunch of the Triangle-O cattle in the Frio bottoms a projecting branch of a dead mesquite caught my wooden stirrup and gave my ankle a wrench that laid me up in camp for a week.

On the third day of my compulsory idleness I crawled out near the grub wagon and reclined helpless under the conversational fire of Judson Odom, the camp cook, and then I asked:

"Jud, can you make pancakes?"

Jud laid down his six shooter, with which he was preparing to pound an antelope steak, and stood over me in what I felt to be a menacing attitude.

"Say, you," he said, with candid though not excessive choler, "did you mean that straight, or was you trying

"THAT IS A BAD HABIT YOU HAVE."

to throw the gaff into me? Some of the boys been telling you about me and that pancake racket?"

"No, Jud," I said sincerely, "I meant it. It seems to me I'd swap my pony and saddle for a stack of buttered brown pancakes with some first crop, open kettle, New Orleans sweetening. Was there a story about pancakes?"

Jud was mollified at once when he saw that I had not been dealing in allusions. He brought some mysterious bags and tin boxes from the grub wagon and set them in the shade of the huckleberry where I lay reclined.

"No, not a story," said Jud as he worked, "but just the logical disclosures in the case of me and that pink eyed snoozer from Mired Mule Canada and Miss Willella Learight. I don't mind telling you."

"I was punching then for old Billy Toomey, on the San Miguel. One day I gets all ensnared up in aspirations for to eat some canned grub that hasn't ever mooed or bawled or grunted or been in peck measures. So I gets on my broke and pushes the wind for Uncle Emsley Telfair's store at the Pimienta Crossing on the Nueces.

"About 3 in the afternoon I throwed my bridle rein over a mesquite limb and walked the last twenty yards into Uncle Emsley's store. I got up on the counter and told Uncle Emsley that the signs pointed to the devastation of the fruit crop of the world. In a minute I had a bag of crackers and a long handled spoon, with an open can each of apricots and pineapples and cherries and greengages beside of me, with Uncle Emsley busy chopping away with the hatchet at the yellow clings. I was feeling like Adam before the apple stampede and was digging my spurs into the side of the counter and working with my twenty four inch spoon when I happened to look out of the window into the yard of Uncle Emsley's house, which was next to the store.

"There was a girl standing there—an imported girl with fixings on—philandering with a croquet maul and amusing herself by watching my style of encouraging the fruit canning industry.

"I slid off the counter and delivered up my shovel to Uncle Emsley.

"'That's my niece,' says he, 'Miss Willella Learight, down from Palestine on a visit. Do you want that I should make you acquainted?'

"'The Holy Land,' I says to myself, my thoughts milling some as I tried to run 'em into the corral. 'Why not? There was sure angels in Palestine. Why, yes, Uncle Emsley,' I says out loud, 'I'd be awful edified to meet Miss Learight.'

"So Uncle Emsley took me out in the yard and gave us each other's entitlements.

"I never was shy about women. I never could understand why some men who can break a mustang before breakfast and shave in the dark get all left handed and full of perspiration and excuses when they see a bolt of calico draped around what belongs in it. Inside of eight minutes me and Miss Willella was aggravating the croquet balls around as amiable as second cousins. She gave me a dig about the quantity of canned fruit I had eaten, and I got back at her flatfooted about how a certain lady named Eve started the fruit trouble in the first free grass pasture.

"That was how I acquired cordiality for the proximities of Miss Willella Learight, and the disposition grew larger as time passed. She was stopping at Pimienta Crossing for her health, which was very good, and for the climate, which was 40 per cent hotter than Palestine. I rode over to see her once every week for awhile, and then I figured it out that if I doubled the number of trips I would see her twice as often.

"One week I slipped in a third trip, and that's where the pancakes and the pink eyed snoozer busted into the game.

"That evening while I set on the counter with a peach and two damsons in my mouth I asked Uncle Emsley how Miss Willella was.

"'Why,' says Uncle Emsley, 'she's gone riding with Jackson Bird, the sheep man from over at Mired Mule Canada.'

"I swallowed the peach seed and the two damson seeds. I guess somebody held the counter by the bridle while I got off, and then I walked out straight ahead till I butted against the mesquite where my roan was tied.

"'She's gone riding,' I whispered in my bronc's ear, 'with Birdstone Jack, the hired mule from Sheep Man's Canada. Did you get that, old Leather and Gallops?'

"That bronc of mine wept in his way. He'd been raised a cow pony, and he didn't care for snoozers."

"I went back and said to Uncle Emsley, 'Did you say a sheep man?'.

"'I said a sheep man,' says uncle again. 'You must have heard tell of Jackson Bird. He's got eight sections of grazing and 4,000 head of the finest Merinos south of the arctic circle.'

"I went out and sat on the ground in the shade of the store and leaned against a prickly pear. I sifted sand into my boots with unthinking hands while I soliloquized a quantity about this bird with the Jackson plumage to his name.

"I never had believed in harming sheep man. I see one one day reading a Latin grammar on hossback, and I never touched him. They never irritated me like they do most cow men. And because I'd been lenient and let 'em live here was one going around riding with Miss Willella Learight!

"An hour by sun they come loping back and stopped at Uncle Emsley's gate. The sheep person helped her off, and they stood throwing each other sentences all sprightful and sagacious for awhile. And then this feathered Jackson flies up in his saddle and raises his little stovepot of a hat and trots off in the direction of his mutton ranch. By this time I had turned the sand out of my boots and unpinned myself from the prickly pear, and by the time he gets half a mile out of Pimienta I singlefoots up beside him on my bronc.

"I said that snoozer was pink eyed, but he wasn't. His seeing arrangement was gray enough, but his eyelashes was pink and his hair was sandy, and that gave you the idea. Sheep man? He wasn't more than a lamb man, anyhow—a little thing with his neck involved in a yellow silk handkerchief and shoes tied up in bowknots.

"'Afternoon,' says I to him. 'You now ride with an equestrian who is commonly called Dead-Moral-Certainty Judson, on account of the way I shoot. When I want a stranger to know me I always introduce myself before the draw, for I never did like to shake hands with ghosts.'

"'Ah,' says he, just like that—'ah, I'm glad to know you, Mr. Judson. I'm Jackson Bird from over at Mired Mule ranch. It looks like rain.'

"'Willie,' says I, riding over close to his palfrey, 'your infatuated parents may have denounced you by the name of Jackson, but you sure molted into a twittering Willie. Let us slough off this here analysis of rain and the elements and get down to talk that is outside the vocabulary of parrots. That is a bad habit you have got of riding with young ladies over at Pimienta. I've known birds,' says I, 'to be served on toast for less than that. Miss Willella,' says I, 'don't ever want any nest made out of sheep's wool by a tomtit of the Jacksonian branch of ornithology. Now, are you going to quit, or do you wish for to gallop up against this Dead-Moral-Certainty attachment to my name, which is good for two hyphens and at least one set of funeral obsequies?'

"Jackson Bird flushed up some, and then he laughed.

"'Why, Mr. Judson,' says he, 'you've got the wrong idea. I've called on Miss Learight a few times, but not for the purpose you imagine. My object is purely a gastronomical one.'

"I reached for my gun.

"'Any coyote,' says I, 'that would boast of dishonorable'—

"'Wait a minute,' says this Bird, 'till I explain. What would I do with a wife? If you ever saw that ranch of mine I do my own cooking and mending. Eating—that's all the pleasure I get out of sheep raising. Mr. Judson, did you ever taste the pancakes that Miss Learight makes?'

"'Me! No,' I told him. 'I never was advised that she was up to any culinary maneuvers.'

"'They're golden sunshine,' says he, 'honey browned by the ambrosial fires of Epicurus. I'd give two years of my life to get the recipe for making them pancakes. That's what I went to see Miss Learight for,' says Jackson Bird, 'but I haven't been able to get it from her. It's an old recipe that's been in the family for seventy-five years. They hand it down from one generation to another but they don't give it away to outsiders. If I could get that recipe so I could make them pancakes for myself on my ranch I'd be a happy man,' says Bird.

"'Are you sure,' I says to him, 'that it ain't the hand that mixes the pancakes that you're after?'

"'Sure,' says Jackson. 'Miss Learight is a mighty nice girl, but I can assure you my intentions go no further than the gastro'—but he seen my hand going down to my holster, and he changed his similitude—'than the desire to procure a copy of the pancake recipe,' he finishes.

"'You ain't such a bad little man,' says I, trying to be fair. 'I was thinking some of making orphans of your sheep, but I'll let you fly away this time. But you stick to pancakes,' says I, 'as close as the middle one of a stack, and don't go and mistake sentiments for syrup or there'll be singing at your ranch, and you won't hear it.'

"'To convince you that I am sincere,' says the sheep man, 'I'll ask you to help me. Miss Learight and you being closer friends, maybe she would do for you what she wouldn't do for me. If you will get me a copy of that pancake recipe I give you my word that I'll never call upon her again.'

"'Flint's fair,' I says, and I shook hands with Jackson Bird. 'I'll get it for you if I can and glad to oblige.' And he turned off down the big pear flat on the Piedra in the direction of Mired Mule, and I steered northwest for old Bill Toomey's ranch.

"It was five days afterward when I got another chance to ride over to Pimienta. Miss Willella and me passed a gratifying evening at Uncle Emsley's. She sang some and exasperated the piano quite a lot with quotations from the operas. I gave imitations of a rattlesnake and told her about Snaky McFee's new way of skinning cows and described the trip I made to St. Louis once. We was getting along in one another's estimatious fine. Thinks I, if Jackson Bird can now be persuaded to migrate I win. I recollect his promise about the pancake receipt, and I thinks I will persuade it from Miss Willella and give it to him.

"So along about 10 o'clock I put on a wheedling smile and says to Miss Willella, 'Now, if there's anything I do like better than the sight of a red steer on green grass it's the taste of a nice hot pancake smothered in sugar house molasses.'

"Miss Willella gives a little jump on the piano stool and looked at me curious.

"'Yes,' says she, 'they're real nice. What did you say was the name of that street in St. Louis, Mr. Odom, where you lost your hair?'

"'Pancake avenue,' says I, with a wink, to show her that I was on about the family receipt and couldn't be side corralled off of the subject. 'Come, now, Miss Willella,' I says; 'let's hear how you make 'em. Pancakes is just whirling in my head like wagon wheels. Start her off, now—pound of flour, eight dozen eggs, and so on. How does the catalogue of constituents run?'

"'Excuse me for a moment, please,' says Miss Willella, and she gives me a quick kind of sideways look and slides off the stool. She ambled out in to the other room, and directly Uncle Emsley comes in in his shirt sleeves, with a pitcher of water. He turns around to get a glass on the table, and I see a forty-dive in his hip pocket. 'Great postholes,' thinks I, 'but here's a family thinks a heap of cooking receipts, protecting it with firearms. I've known outfits that wouldn't do that much by a family feud.'

"'Drink this here down,' says Uncle Emsley, handing me the glass of water. 'You've rid too far today, Jud, and got yourself overexcited. Try to think about something else now.'

"DIRECTLY UNCLE EMSLEY COMES IN."

"That was all the pancake specifications I could get that night. I didn't wonder that Jackson Bird found it uphill work. So I dropped the subject and talked with Uncle Emsley awhile about hollow horn and cyclones. And then Miss Willella came and said 'good night,' and I hit the breeze for the ranch.

"About a week afterward I met Jackson Bird riding out of Pimienta as I rode in, and we stopped in the road for a few frivolous remarks.

"'Got the bill of particulars for them flapjacks yet?' I asked him.

"'Well, no,' says Jackson. 'I don't seem to have any success in getting hold of it. Did you try?'

"'I did,' says I, 'and 'twas like trying to dig a prairie dog out of his hole with a peanut hull. That pancake receipt must be a jookalorum the way they hold on to it.'

"'I'm most ready to give it up,' says Jackson, so discouraged in his pronunciations that I felt sorry for him. 'But I did want to know how to make them pancakes to eat on my lonely ranch,' says he. 'I lie awake of nights thinking how good they are.'

"'You keep on trying for it,' I tells him, 'and I'll do the same. One of us is bound to get a rope over its horns before long. Well, so long, Jackey.'

"'You see, by this time we was on the peacefullest of terms. When I saw that he wasn't after Miss Willella I had more endurable contemplations of that sandy haired snoozer. In order to help out the ambitions of his appetite I kept on trying to get that receipt from Miss Willella, but every time I would say "pancakes" she would get sort of remote and fidgety about the eye and try to change the subject. If I held her to it she would slide out and round up Uncle Emsley with his pitcher of water and hip pocket bowitzer.

"One day I galloped over to the store with a fine bunch of blue verbenas that I cut out of a herd of wild flowers over on Poisoned Dog prairie. Uncle Emsley looked at 'em with one eye shut and says:

"'Haven't ye heard the news?'

"'Cattle up?' I asked.

"'Willella and Jackson Bird was married in Palestine yesterday,' says he. 'Just got a letter this morning.'

"I dropped them flowers in a cracker barrel and let the news trickle in my ears and down toward my upper left hand shirt pocket until it got to my feet.

"'Would you mind saying that over again once more, Uncle Emsley?' says I. 'Maybe my hearing has got wrong, and you only said that prime heifers was $4.80 on the hoof or something like that.'

"'Married yesterday,' says Uncle Emsley, 'and gone to Waco and Niagara Falls on a wedding tour. Why, didn't you see none of the signs all along? Jackson Bird has been courting Willella ever since that day he took her out riding.'

"'Then,' says I in a kind of yell, 'what was all this zizzlparoola he gives me about pancakes? Tell me that.'

"When I said 'pancakes' Uncle Emsley sort of quieted and stepped back.

"'Somebody's been dealing me pancakes from the bottom of the deck,' I says, 'and I'll find out. I believe you know. Talk up,' says I, 'or we'll mix a panful of batter right here.'

"I slid over the counter after Uncle Emsley. He grabbed at his gun, but it was in a drawer, and he missed it two inches. I got him by the front of his shirt and shoved him in a corner.

"'Talk pancakes,' says I, 'or be made into one. Does Miss Willella make 'em?'

"'She never made one in her life, and I never saw one,' says Uncle Emsley, soothing. 'Calm down, now, Jud, calm down. You've got excited, and that would be your head is contaminating your sense of intelligence. Try not to think about pancakes.'

"'Uncle Emsley,' says I, 'I'm not wounded in the head except so far as my natural cogitative instincts run to runts. Jackson Bird told me he was calling on Miss Willella for the purpose of finding out her system of producing pancakes, and he asked me to help him get the bill of lading of the ingredients. I done so, with the results as you see. Have I been sodded down with Johnson grass by a pink eyed snoozer or what?'

"'Slack up your grip on my dress shirt,' says Uncle Emsley, 'and I'll tell you. Yes, it looks like Jackson Bird has gone and humbugged you some. The day after he went riding with Willella he came back and told me and her to watch out for you whenever you got to talking about pancakes. He said you was in camp once where they was cooking flapjacks and one of the fellows cut you over the head with a frying pan. Jackson said that whenever you got overhot or excited that wound hurt you and made you kind of crazy and you went raving about pancakes. He told us to just get you worked off the subject and soothed down and you wouldn't be dangerous. So me and Willella done the best by you we knew how. Well, well,' says Uncle Emsley, 'that Jackson Bird is sure a seldom kind of a snoozer.'"

During the progress of Jud's story he had been slowly but deftly combining certain portions of the contents of his sacks and cans. Toward the close of it he set before me the finished product—a pair of redhot, rich hued pancakes on a tin plate. From some secret boarding place he also brought a lump of excellent butter and a bottle of golden sirup.

"How long ago did these things happen?" I asked him.

"Three years," said Jud. "They're living on the Mired Mule ranch now. But I haven't seen either of 'em since. They say Jackson Bird was fixing his ranch up fine with rocking chairs and window curtains all the time he was putting me up the pancake tree. Oh, I got over it after awhile, but the boys kept the racket up."

"Did you make these cakes by the famous recipe?" I asked.

"Didn't I tell you there wasn't no receipt?" said Jud. "The boys hollered pancakes till they got pancake hungry, and I cut this receipt out of a newspaper. How does the truck taste?"

"They're delicious." I answered. "Why don't you have some, too, Jud?"

I was sure I heard a sigh.

"Me?" said Jud. "I don't never eat 'em."

Yorkshire Man's Fingers.

A Yorkshire man and a Lancashire man were conversing together the other day. The Lancashire man said to the Yorkshire man, "Well, Bill, do you know the best way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers?"

"No," says Bill.

"Well, I will tell you what happened at our place the other day. Yorkshire Dan and two of his fingers cut off with a steam saw and they got lost among the sawdust, and two of my mates were down on their hands and knees looking for them when the foreman came up and asked what they were doing. One of them said,

"'We are looking for Dan's fingers.'

"'Oh, come out of the road,' said the foreman. 'That's not the way to find a Yorkshire man's fingers, at the same time taking a shilling out of his pocket and throwing it among the sawdust, when the two fingers at once popped up after it.

"'There!' said the foreman. 'That's the way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers.'"—Pearson's.

Providing For His Guests.

Two men stopped at the store of a haberdasher who displayed in his showcase a job lot of collars at 5 cents apiece. One of them bought two dozen, in sizes ranging from 15 to 17½. His friend politely controlled his surprise at discovering that the broker wore five cent collars and inquired only about the elastic neck. The purchaser said:

"We live in the suburbs. Friends who visit us and remain overnight unexpectedly want clean collars the next morning. It depletes my own stock too far to keep furnishing these. I can't always supply a comfortable size either. Of course the collars never come back. Since I discovered the scheme of five cent collars I can pick up anybody, take him home with me and inform him that he need not bring any luggage, because one of my wife's beneficences includes five cent tooth brushes for the wayfarer."—New York Sun.

A Martyr to Art.

"Which tooth?" inquired the man of forceps grimly.

"Any one you like," responded the victim calmly, "so long as it's a front one."

"But"—began the astounded dentist.

"Hurry up!" thundered the visitor.

With bleeding heart, the operator pitched his forceps on to a bit of absolutely sound ivory, dragged his patient three times around the room and—

"Hey, presto!" smiled the dentist. "It's out! But will you be so good as to tell me why on earth you wanted a sound tooth extracted?"

"By all meanth," responded the patient. "You thee, I'm an actor, and I have to take a part where the thpeak er lithpth. At firtht I couldn't mathter it, but now I'm thure it'll be a thimply thereaming thweeth!"

The Ever Active Brain.

The question, "Does the brain ever rest?" would seem to be answerable only in the negative. Unconsciousness appears to be a necessary concomitant of the powers of intellect and during sleep, whether we remember it or not, we are always dreaming. Of course, during waking time we are perpetually thinking, thinking, thinking—not always logically and deliberately, but, all the same, thinking. Dream is the thought of the sleep time, when reason is out of the game, and the fancy, or imagination, has the reins, with nothing to hold her back. We take many a trip under her guidance that we are unable to recall when she has resigned the reins into the hands of reason. Awake or asleep, we are always busy. The mind never rests.—New York American.

The Turkish Soldier's Fatalism.

The lethargy of mind which is the mental habit of the Turkish soldier—the personal expression of fatalism—is a most valuable quality in its way, for it means that its possessor is always cool and collected, grumbles little and has marvelous endurance. It is alien to all forms of panic, just as it is alien to a conspicuous élan. If the Turkish soldier never goes very fast, he never goes very slow. Except by the best trained or most dashing troops he is bad to beat.—London Spectator.

He Chose Quickly.

"Gerald," she said, facing him with heightened color and putting her hands behind her, "you will have to choose between me and your old pipe."

Not an instant did Gerald hesitate. "The old pipe goes, dear," he said, throwing it away. "I was thinking of buying a new one anyhow."—Chicago Tribune.

Look Up.

We dig and toil, we worry and fret, and all the while close over us bends the infinite wonder and beauty of nature, saying: "Look up, my child! Free my smile and be glad!"—G. S. Merriam.

Very Different.

Mrs. Bronson—My husband is plain spoken. He calls a spade a spade. Mrs. Woodson—So does mine, but I must decline to repeat what he calls the lawn mower.—Boston Globe.

Caustic.

The Girl—What's your opinion of women who imitate men? The Man—They're idiots. The Girl—Then the imitation is successful.—Cleveland Leader.

Peevishness covers with its dark fog even the most distant horizon.—Richter.

State.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Shein.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry House.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Benson, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Simemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport, M. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Straley, Smethport.
Recorder—J. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank M. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holden, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. B. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. M. Hilyer, Secretary; J. W. Walth, E. W. Workley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sease.
Justices—H. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—D. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Speeht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—A. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, H. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 288, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 369, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDEN, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. J. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. J. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brewer Hive, No. 48, meets in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 36, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

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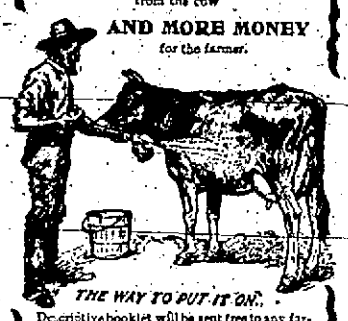

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Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, August 18, 1910.

Local and General.

—Smethport is becoming quite an objective point for automobile parties from surrounding towns.

—Mathias Burkardt aged 66 years, a well known resident of Kane, died at the Bradford hospital Tuesday evening, where he had been taken, after a long illness.

—The death of Arleigh McKendrick, aged 29 years, occurred at his home at No. 123 Main street, Bradford, at 11:12 o'clock Saturday of diabetes, of which he had been a sufferer for the past four years. He has been confined to his home for several days.

—Bernadette, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anna Johnson of Kushequa died at the Bradford hospital Sunday evening, August 7th, from the effects of a complication of ailments which baffled the physicians. The symptoms resembled those of spinal meningitis to a degree, and again, those of infantile paralysis.

—A party composed of Mrs. Theron Lyle, Mrs. R. C. Sasse and daughters, Maxine and Marie, Misses Naomi Comes, Lydia, Freda and Florence Steinwedel and Messrs. Theron Lyle, Harry Schmidt and Harry Comes enjoyed a picnic at Rock City Tuesday.

—A. Walker, County Commissioner's clerk, was in town last evening and had in his possession papers made out in the name of Sigvard Nordahl, an 8-year-old boy living at West Kane, admitting him to the State Institution for feeble minded people, at Polk, Pa. Mr. Walker and the boy left for that place this morning, which is located about six miles from Franklin, Pa.—Kane Republican.

—Bradford Sunday Herald: Glenn Curtiss or Charles F. Willard will fly in this city August 23. The machine used will be the one the scientific American trophy with which Willard won several events at the Los Angeles aviation meet in January last. The exhibition which will be given here will include all of the events which go to mak up an aviation meet. The aviator will fly against time; he will make trials for endurance and height, and in addition, he will make accurate starting and landing tests, attempts at slow gliding and quick starting.

—Mrs. James Biggins died at her home in Eldred, Pa., at 12:40 Saturday afternoon, after a brief illness. She was 66 years of age and is survived by her husband, three sons, John E. Biggins of Eldred; Dr. P. Biggins of Sharpsville, Pa.; James J. Biggins of Olean and one daughter, Mrs. Ella Faragher of Olean. The funeral was held at Eldred Tuesday. The bereaved husband was formerly a county commissioner.

—The following press dispatch of far reaching interest was dated Aug. 15 at Alamenda, Cal.: In a special Pullman car, Radium, an aristocratic French bulldog, arrived here yesterday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Drew and a maid. One section of the coach was given over to the dog in whose interests and for whose comfort the car was chartered for the ride across the continent at an expense to Drew, the owner, of $2,000. "Radium" was purchased at a prize dog show in Paris and presented by Drew to his wife. The dog has a far-reaching pedigree, but understands only French.

—A Warren dispatch of Aug. 16, says: David Greenwalt of Ridgway, who has been the gardener at Mrs. N. T. Arnold's for some time, was married by proxy about the middle of July, to a girl in Holland. Mr. Greenwalt was formerly a resident of that country but has been in America for some time. He wished to get married, but did not care to make a trip to Holland, so he arranged to have the ceremony performed by proxy. Mr. Greenwalt had to have some papers made out by the Dutch consul at Philadelphia and forwarded to Holland, while the lady had to prepare special papers and have them presented to Queen Wilhelmina at The Hague, before the ceremony could be performed. Negotiations for the marriage were begun about the first of February and Mrs. Greenwalt is now in her new home and is just as much of a wife as if she had been married in the usual way.

Tit For Tat.

When many fiction writers try
Their thoughts to give us hot
We get ec-cen-tric novels, with
The accent on the rot.
—Lippincott's.

When some hairdressers seek to give
Us hair to fit the hat
We get ec-cen-tric coiffures, with
The accent on the rat.
—Boston Traveler.

And when the fisher leaves the pool
And gladly home does hie
We get some li-kely stories, with
The accent on the lie.
—Topeka Capital.

And when some fellows go downtown
At night they make the bull
Of coming home quite beauti-ful,
With the accent on the ful.
—Denver Post.

Now, here we have the daily rhyme,
Though not as fierce as some,
Penned by the office bum-pkin, with
The accent on the bum.
—Atlanta Georgian.

Still There.

"I suppose," began the inquiring summer visitor engagingly, "that the wealth in this part of New Hampshire is in the soil?"

The native regarded the shining blade of his scythe reflectively.

"I reckon it is," he mildly assented. "I don't know anybody hereabouts that ever got any out of it."—Youth's Companion.

His Preference.

The skimpy novel I abhor.
For I am thrifty
And want a lot of reading for
My dollar fifty.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And when that bulky book you've got,
With careful spending,
The tale will have, as like as not,
A tragic ending.
—Chicago Tribune.

Soothing.

"But those extremely violent women lunatics—how do you manage to keep them so quiet?"

"That's an idea of the new superintendent's."

"Yes?"

"Yes. He had the straitjackets made up in the peekaboo style."—Puck.

Poker.

A woman calls and leaves her best regards.
And when she calls she also leaves her cards.
But when man calls formality he skips;
He doesn't leave his cards—he leaves his chips.
—New York Times.

Tragedy in Dry Town.

"Yes, sir, the fish was so big it pulled him in the river."

"And he was drowned?"

"No, but he might's well have been, for he lost his grip on his gallon jug and it floated down stream, and he lives in a dry county!"—Atlanta Constitution.

That Strange Feeling.

He didn't know he was in love.
We really must confess
He thought the feeling
Upon him stealing
Was merely biliousness.
—Kansas City Journal.

Wanted—Latest Ailment.

"Well, here I am," announced the fashionable physician in his breezy way. "And now what do you think is the matter with you?"

"Doctor, I hardly know," murmured the fashionable patient. "What is new?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Womanlike.

Lot's wife looked back. But why should she
Have suffered as she did? Alas,
She probably looked back to see
If Lot had turned off all the gas!
—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Was So Particular.

Ella was seen one day before the mirror on a chair scrutinizing her face in the glass. With a deep sigh she remarked:

"I don't see how God could have given me such a nose when he knows how particular I am."—Harper's Weekly.

Reading Them.

Though the world may have a lover,
How we snort
When they paw his letters over
In a court!
—Pittsburg Post.

With or Without?

"It's hard for a man to get along without a woman."

"There's only one thing harder."

"What?"

"To get along with one."—Cleveland Leader.

Hyphenated.

When a woman answers "N-no!"
It is quite easy to guess
The little hyphen is to show
Her answer should be "Yes."
—Chicago News.

Notice to Girls.

"How the girls love to sit out on the veranda!"

"They should take turns. No one will invite the whole bunch to have ice cream."—Buffalo Express.

We Envy Adam.

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."
—Success Magazine.

His Specialty.

"What's become of Bill Bump?"

"He's out west doing time."

"That fellow always was doing something or somebody."—Baltimore American.

Silent Efficiency.

'Tis not the noisy man who scores
A record worth the telling.
The dentist calmly fills and bores
While others do the yelling.
—Washington Star.

Professional.

"I don't like to see a woman play for money," said the bridge whist fiend.

"You don't! Why do you go to the theater then?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Missouri's Lead Mines.

The lead mines of Missouri, which have yielded tens of millions of dollars and are not yet half worked out, were originally discovered by a boy and a dog. The dog was chasing a rabbit and fell into a hole, and it was in getting him out that the boy found a piece of ore and took it home to show his father.

Safest Place on a Train.

The safest place to ride in a railroad train is in the middle of the middle car on the right hand side. Thus the danger of being injured in fore or aft collisions or side swipes is minimized. This is old, but will bear repeating.

Camel Caravans.

Nearly 90,000 camels are used in the Vilayet of Bagdad as beasts of burden, and with donkeys they form the only means of carrying goods to inland points. Camel caravans go in "strings," seven camels to the string, with two men in charge. For a camel 450 pounds is a good load, the pack being divided into halves.

"S S S."

The American wireless signal of distress, "S S S," was adopted because easily made and quickly recognized, three dots, three dashes and three dots.

Light of the Sun.

The sun gives 600,000 times as much light as the full moon, 7,000,000,000 times as much as the brightest star in the sky and 30,000,000 times as much as all the combined stars of the heavens.

How Greeley Learned to Read.

By a singular adaptation to the changes of motion on his mother's part while spinning Horace Greeley when a youngster acquired the unwonted quality of reading with the book in almost any position, sidewise or upside down, as readily as in the usual fashion without at that time thinking it anything unusual.

Metals.

Within the last two centuries about fifty metals have been discovered by chemist explorers, but use has been found for only a few of them.

Freaks of Lightning.

Lightning has struck plucked feathers from and insides out of chickens and, better than some cooks, roasted them to a proper turn for the table. It has roasted apples on the tree and corn on the stalk and has struck goober and potato vines and cooked the goobers and tubers in the very ground.

Porto Rico Windbreaks.

For raising oranges or grapefruit in Porto Rico windbreaks are absolutely necessary if the grove is exposed to the trade winds, which blow continuously for nine months and which cripple unprotected trees.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groecries

We hold on Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries—that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

A BIG SAVING!

THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER

AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE McKEAN MINER, for the very low price given below.

You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to The Boys' Magazine.

EACH ISSUE CONTAINS

36 large pages (11x15 inches)
Two fine serials
From six to eight clever short stories
Numerous special articles
Beautiful illustrations throughout
Handsome cover in colors (cover changed each month)
A Big Athletic Department, edited by
WALTER CAMP
Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship.
Departments of Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Stamps, Coins and Curios that are interesting and instructive.
Each department is attractively illustrated

A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION *From* THE BOYS MAGAZINE

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR,
AND YOUR OWN PAPER,
THE McKEAN MINER ONE YEAR,

BOTH FOR $1.60

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW

ADDRESS

The McKean County Miner, Smetport, Pa

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, August 18, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.

For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.

For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.

For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.

For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.

For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

A boom has been launched for John Mitchell, ex-president of the United Mine Workers, as candidate for governor of New York State on the Republican ticket.

Mayor Gaynor of New York, who was shot on the deck of the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, on which he was about to sail for Europe, is steadily improving and complete recovery is looked for in the near future.

Casualties from great floods which last week inundated many districts in Japan, and on Friday and Saturday submerged two of the principal wards of Tokio almost entirely, are given out as 1112 dead, and missing. Three thousand nine hundred and fifty homes were washed away, in addition to the thousands which were under water during the flood but resisted the strain. Thousands of persons are homeless and dpendent on public relief.

President Pedro Montt of Chili died at Bremen, Germany, Tuesday night, where he had just arrived the same morning aboard the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse from New York, having gone there for the benefit of his health. Death resulted from heart failure. President Montt visited in this country before leaving for Europe and was on the same boat as a fellow passenger and had been talking with Mayor Gaynor of New York just before the latter was shot, while the steamship was preparing to leave for Europe.

Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean war, and the only woman who ever received the Order of Merit, died Saturday afternoon at her London home. Although she had been an invalid for a long time, rarely leaving her room, where she passed the time in a half-recumbent position and was under the constant care of a physician, her death was somewhat unexpected. A week ago she was quite sick, but then improved, and on Friday was cheerful. During that night alarming symptoms developed and she gradually sank until 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon when an attack of heart failure brought the end.

Fire destroyed the greater part of the international exposition of 1910 being held at Brussels, Belgium, Sunday night. Two lives were lost and whole sections of the fairy like architecture of the exposition were wiped out. The entire Belgian and British sections; the whole "Kermesse of Brussels"—the Coney Island of the exposition, with water chutes, toboggan slides and other special entertainments and everything west of the Avenue des Nations were destroyed, but by heroic work of the firemen and troops in the early hours of Monday morning and the use of dynamite in blowing up buildings in the path of the flames the fire was checked. The fire started by a spark falling into inflammable material in the telegraph building. The loss is estimated at 100,000,000 francs.

The Motor Bloc Import Company, dealing in automobile tires, has instituted suit against the rubber trust under the Donnelly anti-trust law of New York. Leon D. Kaufman, presiden of the company, charges that the Dealers' Protective Association, composed of several automobile tire manufacturers, control the business and agree among themselves in the fixing of prices. He claims that the seven companies comprising the trust, raise prices simultaneously and quote practically the same figures. Preparatory to an action against the alleged combine in restraint of trade, Mr. Kaufman has asked for an examination of the seven concerns before trial. He further charges that he has been blacklisted by all seven because one or two of them complained that he was cutting prices. Statistics of the trade show that price advances have added 50 per cent. to the cost of rubber tires in the last 18 months.

A New York special of Aug. 15, says: Within a stone's throw of the fashionable and luxuriously appointed apartment houses that skirt Morningside Park, the aged widow of Brig.-General Von Schack, a hero of Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, was found by reporters to-day living in a furnished room in need of the ordinary comforts of life.

Eighteen months ago General Von Schack died at the age of 82 leaving a brilliant record as a Civil war soldier and as an officer in the customs service but there was only a small life insurance policy upon which the widow could depend for maintenance. That has now been exhausted.

The pension authorities at Washington have refused to grant the pittance that is allowed hte widow of officers who served in the Civil war because Mrs. Von Schack cannot supply documentary evidence of her husband's divorce from his fist wife, the Countess Von Blumenthal.

"It is this that hurts me more than the poverty," said the kindly old lady who was seen in her scantily furnished rooms.

PERSONAL MENTION.

William McCarthy is home from Erie on a short visit.

Miss Marjory Gleason is visiting relatives in Tidioute, Pa.

Miss Marie Purtle left yesterday for a visit in Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. James McGuire was a Bradford visitor the first of the week.

Mrs. George Cowper of Olean is the guest of Mrs. M. M. Gillette.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scull of Streater, Ill., are visiting friends in town.

John Forrest returned home yesterday from a business visit to Erie.

Mrs. R. H. Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., is the guest of relatives in this place.

Dr. A. McAlpin of Bradford was a guest of his son, Dr. J. V. McAlpin, Saturday.

Fred Taylor of Erie is spending the week in town with relatives and friends.

George Campbell has returned from a week in Perry, Silver Lake and Warsaw, N. Y.

Mrs. Nina Ramsey returned Monday from a short visit with friends in Bradford.

Miss Margaret and May Howe of Instanter are guests of Smethport relatives and friends.

Mrs. E. B. Grandin of Tidionte, Pa., was the guest of Mrs. C. H. Gleason a few days last week.

Miss Lura Halsted of Paris, Ont., is spending a fortnight with her aunt, Mrs. G. W. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Morrison and son, Tom, returned home from a visit to Brockwayville yesterday.

Miss Rose Liebel who has been spending six weeks with friends in Buffalo has returned home.

Mrs. R. E. Burdick, who has been visiting in Waverly, N. Y., returned home the first of the week.

Miss Mary Jennings of Philadelphia is visiting at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton.

Miss Violet Campbell who has been spending the summer with her aunt in Perry, N. Y., has returned home.

Miss Sarah Greer who has been visiting friends in Ridgway for the past two weeks returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Helen Davis and daughter, Miss Minnie of Port Allegany were the guests of Mrs. D. C. Young over Sunday.

Mrs. C. E. Barrett and granddaughter returned last Thursday from a visit to Jamestown, N. Y., and Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Miss Rita Gorton returned home Monday from Port Allegany where she has been the guest of friends for the past two weeks.

Mrs. W. L. Hammar Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Van Dyke left Monday for Buffalo in the former's automobile.

Ellis Starsky of Buffalo is the guest of his uncle B. E. Starsky, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrison were Bradford visitors Monday.

Miss Alice Daly who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Daly, for the past two weeks returned to Erie Saturday.

Mrs. Lyons and daughter who have been the guests of the former's aunt, Mrs. J. F. Eberspacher, left for their home in Indiana, Pa., Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin, Misses Rae and Estella and H. S. Rubin left yesterday in their automobile for a trip to Buffalo and Syracuse.

John Tretton who has been visiting his grandparents in this place for the past two weeks returned to his home in Rochester, N. Y., yesterday.

Miss Edith Colegrove, who has been the guest of relatives and friends in this place for the past two weeks returned to her home in Olean, Monday.

Patrick and John O'Conner, who have been working for the Smethport Chemical Co. at Damascus, Va., are spending their vacation at their home in East Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Raymond have returned to their home in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus and Merl Backus left Saturday in the former's car for Oneonta, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Jarrett and daughter, Ellen Marie, who have been visiting relatives in Crosby, Bloomster Hollow and this place for the past four weeks, left for their home in Uniontown, Pa., yesterday.

Scott F. Redfield, E. T. Newman and J. L. Morrison are in Lock Haven this week attending the tennis tournament in that place. Mr. Redfield and Mr. Newman are contestants for the cup.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Anderson returned to their home in Bradford Tuesday. Mrs. Anderson has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Thomas for the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Monheimer returned home Monday from a week's visit in New York and Atlantic City.

Miss Gertrude Wendell of Mt. Vernon, O., is the guest of friends in town.

John O'Rielly and J. Helm of Pittsburgh and Margaret Barker of Corry drove up in the former's touring car and took Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Rielly and Mrs. M. L. Bisett to Conneaut Lake where they will spend a short time.

THE LOST ADAMS BOY.

A Clew Unearthed Which Indicates that Lad May be in Pittsburg.

Oil City, Aug. 15.—The Blizzard prints the following:

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of little Edward P. Adams from his home at Lamont gas station, near Kane, on the afternoon of April 16, may soon be cleared away. The boy is thought to be held in custody by an Italian in Pittsburg.

For weeks searching parties covered every inch of the forests in the vicinity of Kane, but found no trace of the missing lad. Bloodhounds put on the trail followed a direct line from the bank of the creek where the boy was last seen alive by boys, to an open spot in the woods, near the railroad.

For months the father has been working, with the assistance of friends, upon all the clues he could run down and at last it is thought he has got upon the right track. At a station on the P. & W. road it was found a boy answering the description of his son was taken on board a train late one night by a stranger. This clew was followed to Oil City, where he learned a boy answering the description had been seen in company with the man he was searching for. Believing the man would start for either Pittsburgh or Buffalo the father left here for Titusville and a meagre clew was followed for several days. A railroad policeman had seen a boy answering the description in company with a man whom he described as being smooth shaven, heavy set, dark and about 45 years of age. The man was evidently an Italian and according to the detective, the boy was crying and evidently loath to go along with the man, crying at frequent intervals:

"I want to go home."

The man, whom he took to be the boy's father, threatened to whip him and the two then boarded a train after tickets had been purchased for Oil City. Returning to this city the searchers again got on the scent of evidently the same pair, but it was several weeks after before this was accomplished, and then almost a week after they had been seen for the last time at the railroad station, where the pair purchased tickets for Pittsburgh.

Mr. Adams learned from Detective Swinehart of the Union depot in Pittsburgh that he distinctly remembers having seen a man and boy answering the description of the two, arrive in that city last Monday. He says he paid particular attention to the boy because he was crying bitterly and expostulating with the man who had him in charge. He watched the two disappear down Liberty avenue.

The Pittsburgh police and a number of detectives will give Mr. Adams all the assistance in their power in an effort to locate the kidnapped boy.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

Estate of Jason A. Hall, Deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, the undersigned Administrator of said decedent, will expose at public sale, at the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 30th day of August, A. D. 1910, at 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, the following messuage and tract of land:

ALL that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a maple tree at the northwest corner of the Peter Conley lot; thence east 18 rods 12 feet to a maple tree, being the northeast corner of the Thomas Conley lot; thence north 17 rods 6 feet to a post; thence west 18 rods 12 feet to a post; thence south 17 rods 6 feet to the place of beginning. Containing 2 acres be the same more or less and being the same premises conveyed by Roswell Sartwell and wife to Sarah A. Hall, by deed dated June 27th, 1892, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 68, page 215, McKean County Records.

Improved and having thereon a one and one-half story frame house with wing attached, a small barn and the usual outbuildings.

Terms of Sale: 1-3 purchase price down at time of sale and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Aug. 4-3t Administrator.

Notice is Hereby given that sealed olds for the construction of a two story frame school building to be erected at Norwich, Pa., will be received by the Norwich Township School Board until August 20th, 1910, at which time bids will be opened and contracts awarded. The school board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. For plans and specifications apply in person to the undersigned.

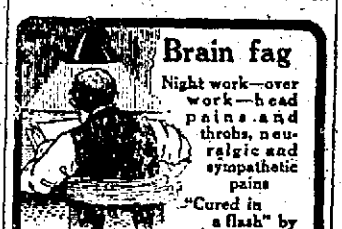
J. B. OVIATT, President,
or A. G. McALLISTER, Secretary.
Colegrove, Pa., Aug. 2, 1910.
Aug. 11—2t

Navarre Hall.

Navarre Hall—one of the group of Clarion State Normal buildings is one of the finest and most complete Girls' Halls in the country. It is beautiful, comfortable, and convenient. Lavatories with hot and cold water in each room. If you are thinking of attending a normal school write to J. George Becht, Principal, Clarion, Pa., for circulars and information.

DeWITT'S CARBOLIZED WITCH HAZEL SALVE For Piles, Burns, Sores.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills FOR BACKACHE



Brain fag

Night work—over work—head pains and throbs, neuralgic and sympathetic pains

"Cured in a flash" by

ANTI-ACHE

No ill after-effects. Does not affect the heart
Two sizes—10c & 25c—All druggists
Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

Tell Me YOUR WANTS

And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC. Second door from the POST OFFICE.

E. W. STRONG

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

JULY SALE ON ALL Mens Shoes and OXFORDS

Buy your celebrating foot wear now and save money.

Sale starts June 25th, 1910.

$5.00 and $6.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.95
$4.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.15
$3.50 Shoes and Oxfords.....$2.95

Everything in our Shoe Department is reduced in price. Drop in and see for yourself before buying elsewhere.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT INNER TUBES

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

Automobile Tire Repairing, New Tires and Supplies always in Stock.

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
SMETHPORT, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

FIFTEEN-DAY EXCURSIONS

August 19, and September 2, 1910

ATLANTIC CITY
CAPE MAY

Wildwood, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City N. J.

$10.60 from Smethport

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent

Full information regarding leaving of trains on which tickets will be accepted may be obtained of Ticket Agents, or B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. R. WOOD
Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD
General Passenger Agent.

The Lindholm Company,

Mc Call's Patterns

MID-SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE

Continued

SATURDAY EVENING AUGUST 27th.

Plan to be here and reap the benefit of what is going to be the greatest week of all during this sale.

This Coming week will be a final clean up sale of all short lengths, and odds and ends. Come and get your share of the great bargains.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Carpet Sweeper Sale

The BEST Costs No More

So why not get the benefit of
—the roller bearings, which mean such easy running?
—the anti-tipping device, which prevents spilling the dirt?
—the brush that picks up every scrap, speck, string and raveling?
—and all the other improvements found in the

National Roller Bearing Carpet Sweeper

We want our customers to always get the most for their money. That is why we want to show you this sweeper.

FOR SALE AT

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 18, 1910.

Local and General.

—Dr. E. P. Chyne was a Bradford business caller Tuesday.

—E. W. Workley has recovered from an attack of tonsilitis.

—The Comes family reunion is being held at Frog Camp to-day.

—Cement crosswalks are beind laid on Franklin streets across King street.

—J. Colegrove, the reliable grocer, has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Fry & Comes have an interesting change of advertisement in another column.

—Miss Edith McGuire entertained the Bridge Whist Club yesterday afternoon.

—Attention is directed to the new advertisement of F. A. Green in another column.

—The Kushequa Sunday schools enjoyed a picnic at Island Park, this borough, last Thursday.

—Misses Ora and Mildred Gleason gave a lawn party at their home on Green street last Friday evening.

—Mrs. O. J. Wetrick, nee Sadie Connolly, of Coudersport has been quite ill but is now improving.

—Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Lindholm Company in another column of to-day's Miner.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Larson wish to thank their friends and neighbors for their kindly help during the sickness and death of their child.

—Miss Marion McAlpin of Bradford has accepted the position of organist in St. Luke's church in this place. Her duties will begin Sept. 1st.

—Walter Washburn and Edith H. Murdock, both of Friendship, N. Y., were united in marriage by Justice A. W. Colegrove, Tuesday afternoon.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Irons wish to thank all their friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness shown them during the illness and death of their son, Merle.

—Mrs. Scott F. Redfield entertained Monday evening in honor of her guests, Miss Charlotte Truesdale of Buffalo and Miss Gertrude Larned of Syracuse.

—A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. James Chisholm and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kline, who have been enjoying a two weeks' camping expedition near Coryville returned home Monday.

—The Fifth Annual Reunion of the Stark family will be held at Burtville, Potter county, Thursday, August 25, 1910. All members of this family are requested to be present.

—The family of the late Jerry McCarthy wish to express their sincere thanks to their neighbors and friends who so materially assisted them during their late bereavement.

—Season tickets for the great McKean County Fair & Races, Sept. 6-9, can be bought at The Miner office. They sell for $1.00 and will admit you to the fair on all four days.

—The Rev. E. E. Helms, D. D., of Buffalo will lecture in the Methodist church next Tuesday evening, Aug. 23, on "The Funny Side of Foreign Travel." Admission 25 and 15 cents.

—Constable Shepard of Port Allegany brought a gentleman by the name of Davis to this borough Tuesday and lodged him in the county jail. Davis is alleged to have stolen a pair of shoes from Joe Lyman, a Port Allegany restaurant man; and was subsequently captured and given a hearing before a justice of that place who bound him over to the next term of criminal court.

—The Smethport chemical company's plant at East Smethport shut down Monday night for thirty days, in accordance with an existing agreement between chemical manufacturers throughout the country by which all their plants close down for a like period during each year.

—A new porch is being placed upon the dwelling house owned by Timothy McCarthy of Keating township at the corner of Mechanic and King streets, and numerous other improvements are beign made about the premises. It is understood that Mr. McCarthy intends moving his family to this borough and taking up his residence in the near future.

—A team composed of baseball players from Smethport and East Smethport went to Coleville Sunday and in the afternoon mpt the team of that place in an exciting game. The local players were defeated by a score of 4 to 2. Berry and McCord were the battery for Coleville while McCabe and Stickles officiated for Smethport.

—Constable Foote went to Kushequa Monday and levied on the household furniture of a family residing in that place. A constable from another town had been commissioned to make the levy, but the family were next to him, and after spending two days in Kushequa, was unable to gain admission to the house and finally gave up the job. The local officer upon approaching the house put on a jaunty air and was mistaken for an agent, with the result that he was readily admitted and was able to carry out his errand.

—The Gallup family reunion was held at Frog Camp Tuesday. A large number were in attendance, and a fine time is reported.

—Miss Rita Gorton entertained a number of young people at a lawn party at the Gorton home on East King street last evening.

—Eugene Bisett, the 2-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bisett of Bradford, is a sufferer from infantile paralysis. The child has been ill only a few days and this ailment has been definitely diagnosed by Dr. Johnson, the attending physician.

—The premium lists for the McKean County Fair & Races have been distributed throughout the county with the exception of some of the larger towns, which includes Smethport. Anyone in Smethport or any part of the county wishing to secure a premium list can have some by calling at the office of the Fair Association in Smethport.

—An explosion of gas occurred at the plate glass plant at James City, Saturday morning, when three men were badly burned. The victims of the explosion were Foreman, Ray Porter, Engineer Stanley Maines and George Green. The men were trying a large gas engine, when the engine back-fired and a sheet of flame struck them in their faces. Maines was very bady burned and the other two men received painfu injuries. They were taken to the Kane Summit hospital.

—Edna Viola Larson, aged six months and twenty-four days, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Larson of Cemetery street, died Sunday morning at the home of her parents, of cholera infantim. The funeral was held at the home Tuesday afternoon and four little girls, Edith Larson, Mabel Oleson, Azela Hector and Sarah Vanblad, acting as pall bearers, carried the tiny casket to Rose Hill cemetery where interment was made.

—On Thursday last at the home of the bride, Rev. Atwater of the Baptist church, joined in marriage Miss Grace Decker, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Decker, to Clark Joslin. The happy couple have the best wishes of their many friends.—Coudersport Journal. The groom was formerly employed in Smethport and has many friends here who will extend congratulations on this auspicious occasion.

—Last Saturday night an attempt was made by some person or persons to gain entrance to the residence of Judge Bouton on West Main street. An effort was made to raise one of the front windows by the aid of a trowel, and failing in this the parties placed a box opposite the front doors and tried to open the transom and gain entrance by crawling through, but was unsuccessful. The family was away from home at the time but Sunday morning the marks of the attempt were plainly visible.

—Corte Abbey who was so seriously injured in the woods on Potato creek a few weeks ago, is slowly recovering in the Austin hospital, says the Port Allegany Reporter. No operation has as yet been performed. He is in a frightfully weakened condition, but gaining steadily. The wonderment is that he is alive. Several ribs fractured, some of which punctured the lungs; several ribs smashed loose from the spine, his shoulder broken, and his skull badly fractured is the condition from which he is recovering. It will probably be some time before he is around.

—A 9-year-old boy named Dewey France residing with his mother in one of the Shawmut railroad company's tenement houses on Mechanic street badly cut the thumb of his left hand when a knife with which he was whittling a stick, whittled too far, Sunday. The end of the member was nearly severed with the exception of a piece of skin which held it in place. Dr. Hamilton, who attended the lad's injury, took several stitches in the cut, which is now healing nicely and from every indication the part of the thumb which was nearly severed will grow back into place.

—Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris were called to Rochester, N. Y., on Saturday by the death of their sister-in-law, Dr. Emily Cady Harris, wife of Dr. Irving Harris. In speaking of her death the Rochester Post-Express says: In her chosen profession, Dr. Harris was remarkably successful. Her patients embraced all classes of society and difficult indeed was the case which she was unable to benefit. Her qualities of mind were no less striking than her medical ability and she was well loved by all her patients and held in high esteem by the profession generally.

—Monday's Bradford Star-Record says: Melville Gillette and Henry Goodman are in the city to-day, demonstrating the many superior qualities of the Matheson "Silent Six" automobile. The feature of the Matheson most noticeable to the casual observer, is the silent qualities of its motor. The Matheson is capable of traveling at different rates of speed with less noise than is made by a redskin on any enemy's trail. In fact the machine is a "sneaker," and refuses to arouse any neighborhood by unseemly barking or nerve racking rattling. Mr. Gillette has a winner and wants everybody to get next to the fact.

—Dr. Kane of Kane came to Smethport Monday and performed a second operation upon Harold McCarthy, who sustained three fractures of his lower jaw in the recent automobile accident. Two weeks ago it was necessary to remove a piece of the jaw bone which had started to decay and Monday a tooth, which had been interferring with the knitting of the fractures, and a small splinter of bone were removed. It is now thought that there will be nothing to stand in the way of the young man's complete recovery. Dr. Kane was assisted at the operation by Dr. Chadwick of this borough, the attending physician.

—A Jamestown dispatch of Aug. 13, says: Martha Cornplanter, a direct lineal descendant of the famous Chief Cornplanter, died this week at Lawton Station, aged 12 years. She had been a member of Cary W. Hartman's company of Indians that is used in the production of Hiawatha at various summer resorts. She also accompanied Mr. Hartman on lecture tours, and has been before the public schools of Jamestown. The girl's father was Ed. Cornplanter. He lives at Lawton's. He is a grandson of the famous Indian chief. He has traveled over every section of the United States and a part of Europe, and is well informed on current topics of the day. His Indian name is So-son-do-wah, the Black Cloud.

—Wm. Hungerford met with a painful accident at the new Goodyear lumber town last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Hungerford had driven to that place in company with his daughter, Miss Ruth Hungerford, and a girl friend. In turning around the horses cramped the rig which started to overturn and Mr. Hungerford jumped out to avert the threatened accident and in doing so his foot struck on the stump of a small tree, turning his ankle and resulting in a bad sprain. He was brought to Smethport in an automobile belonging to a jobber at Norwich and on arriving here was first taken to Dr. Chadwick's office, where his injury was dressed and later to his home. Miss Hungerford and her companion drove the rig home. Mr. Hungerford has been laid up as a result of his injury, which is a most painful one.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of Letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Aug. 13, 1910:

Giuseppe fu Pacifico
Peirce, Amest
Fators, Frank
Winslow, Roy
Bx 38, R. D. Route No. 1

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Folding bath tub and triple effect gas heater. Tub cost $35, will sell for $10. Inquire of R. Pearson at G. W. King's store, East Smethport. It

If you are interested in a good Normal school, it will be to your advantage to write to the Lock Haven State Normal School for its handsome catalog. The beautiful scenery of the west branch of the Susquehanna in the immediate neighborhood is finely illustrated as well as the great buildings of the institution. As a progressive school, it insists on having a thoroughly well trained faculty. By referring to the catalog, anyone interested can quickly discover that every teacher has had superior college and university advantages. The fall term begins September 6th.

WM. MONHEIMER.

PAY NO MORE

Than 48 cents

For a Splendid Dress Shirt with or without Collars. It is the

Best Shirt Value

ever offered in Smethport. If you buy at once you will have a large variety of patterns to select from. Sizes 14 to 17½

AT 48 CENTS

MONHEIMER'S

FRY & COMES

Clearance of Shirt WAISTS

We offer this week exceptional bargains in slightly soiled shirt waists.

The prices are so small that you can put them through the laundry and have beautiful waists of this seasons styles at a rediciously small outlay.

They are mostly white lawns with a few silks. Sizes 32 to 44. Values up to $5.75.

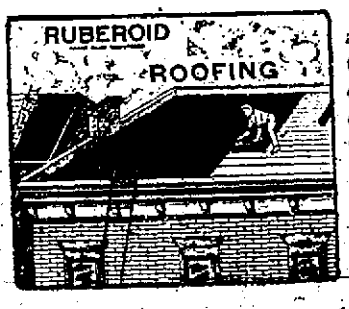
Lot No. 1 25c | Lot No. 2 45c | Lot No. 3 90c

Lot No. 4 $1.50 | Lot No. 5 $2.50

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, PENN'A.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

EDISON Phonograph as HOME ENTERTAINER.

It affords pleasure at all times to both young and old, and no home is complete without one. Our stock of records is the largest in the city and is of endless variety, of over Five Thousand selections.

Our "Easy payment Plan" makes it possible for any family to own one of these wonderful entertainers.

It brightens the home and brings happiness to both young and old.

Edison Phonographs $15.00 and up.
" Amberole records 50c each,
" Standard " 35c "
Catalogue free upon request.

Come in and let us explain our "Easy payment Plan."

Palace Pharmacy,

Headquarters for Talking Machines, records and supplies.

BROWNELL NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

THE ARCTIC CROP.

Frigid Yield From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

THE MAKING OF AN ICEBERG.

Huge Sheets of Ice a Mile Thick in Places Slide Down to the Sea, and as the Ends Become Too Heavy They Break Off and Form Bergs.

At any time of the year ice may be encountered in the Atlantic north of the fortieth parallel of latitude, approximately that of New York, and between 42 and 55 degrees west longitude, but it is in spring, when the increasing warmth of the sun loosens the arctic floes and causes the bergs to melt and float from the places where they have been stranded, that there is the greatest danger to the mariner.

The bergs have their origin almost exclusively in western Greenland, although a few may come around Cape Farewell from the Spitzbergen sea and some from Hudson bay.

A huge sheet of ice a mile thick in places covers the whole of Greenland. This gradually slides down the valley toward the sea, into which it is thrust in great sheets fifty miles wide. As these ends become too heavy they break off and become bergs. The process is known as "calving." The pieces set adrift thus may be a thousand feet out of the water and a mile square, but as they drift about they become broken and continue to diminish in size until they finally disappear completely. The process sometimes takes several years.

Once set adrift icebergs find their way into the Labrador current and begin their journey. But of all bergs so set adrift only a very small proportion ever find their way into the path of the transatlantic steamships.

Nor do all bergs take the same course. Some go south; others lodge against the shore or against islands. Two years may separate the time that two bergs reach a low latitude, though they were "calved" at the same moment.

Field ice also offers an obstruction to the icebergs, though by their great size and bulk they often act as plows and aid materially in breaking up the ice fields which obstruct the arctic basin.

Ice fields are more affected by the wind than are icebergs. Bergs generally drift with the current, so that one sometimes is seen moving into the wind.

Advantage is taken of this by the sealing and fishing boats when caught in an ice field. They often moor to an iceberg and are towed miles through the ice, through which otherwise they could make no headway. This is accomplished by sinking an anchor into the berg and using a strong towline. As the berg advances open water, with small floating ice, is left astern.

But this is indeed a dangerous thing to do. All ice is brittle, but especially icebergs. A blow of an ax has been known to split one, while the report of a gun at times will accomplish the same end. In July and August, when the bergs are breaking up along the coast of Labrador, the noise at times is deafening, and the noise of one often causes another to break up.

From their very nature icebergs assume an endless variety of shapes. Some resemble geometrical figures, while others carry fantastic domes, spires and minarets. Sometimes they appear to be veritable ice bridges, with two separate supports. In many there are great caves and indentations. As they drift south and begin melting cascades of water pour down their sides or run from the tips of the hundreds of icicles which depend from every ledge.

Frequently there are outlying spurs in the water, as dangerous to ships as submerged reefs. For this reason vessels should always give them a wide berth, half a mile being considered the nearest that one may be approached with safety.

Several years ago the British steamship Nessmore ran into an iceberg and tore in her bows. When she was docked a scratch was found next the keel the full length of the ship, the plates being almost cut through. The ship evidently struck a submerged spur. The government report says:

"It is generally best for ships to go to windward of them, because disintegrated fragments have a tendency to drift to leeward, while open water will be found to windward."

So nicely are icebergs balanced in the water that the slightest melting sometimes will cause the center of gravity to shift, and the entire berg will capsize or founder. Thus many ships have been wrecked.

Field ice is formed throughout the waters within the arctic circle south as far as Newfoundland, and each year vast floes leave the shores and drift south into the paths of commerce. The arctic ice often has lived through several seasons in the far north and occasionally is ten to fifteen and sometimes twenty feet thick. Because of its continual motion due to currents, wind, etc., gradually it becomes broken up. Swells from storms in the open seas cause it to raft or pile one pan on another in the arctic every piece of field ice is a pan until it is covered with hummocks.

Ice also becomes rafted by the grinding of a free field against another frozen to the shore or by the grinding of two fields against each other when one is given a turning motion by contrary wind and tide. This rotary motion, it is said, is particularly dangerous to ships that get caught between fields.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FILLED WITH CURIOSITY.

That Was Why He Was Anxiously Waiting Outside the House.

The man was standing behind a tree in front of an apartment house in a cross street when the cop on that beat came pounding along on the sidewalk. It was close to midnight, and naturally the cop stopped and looked at the man standing behind the tree.

"Howdy," says the cop, by way of opening conversation.

"You're another," replied the man good naturedly.

"Whutchuh doin'—waitin' for somebody?" inquired the brave policeman.

"Nope."

"Just standin' there, hey?"

"You've hit it."

"Live near here, do you?"

"Right in there," says the citizen, jerking his thumb in the direction of the apartment house he was standing in front of.

The cop looked at him thoughtfully for a minute.

"Mebby it's none of my business," he says, "and then again mebby it is. I don't like to go round buttin' into anybody's private affairs, but tell me, neighbor, what's your graft, anyhow?"

"Well," loosened up the citizen, "if it's a case of me a-tellin' you or you croakin' from curiosity right in front of my eyes, I'll tell you how it is—provided it don't go any further. My wife says to me when I started downtown this evenin', 'If you're not home by midnight I'm goin' to pack up and go right back to mother's. So there!'"

"Well," says the cop.

"Well," repeated the citizen, "it's just about midnight now, and I'm like you—I've got curiosity, and I'm waitin' here to see if she's goin' to keep her word."

The cop's curiosity ceased at that point, and he walked on down the street whistling, without waiting to see the thing out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SPEED MANIA.

Sensations That Come With a Ride in a Racing Motor.

Imagine yourself in a big racing machine plunging over a course at eighty miles an hour. For the average man the sensation is awful, but the speed kings revel in it. Down the road streaks the car. Lashed into a typhoon by the appalling speed, the still air roars in your ears. You think you will never regain your hearing. The resistance of the atmosphere is fearful. The slightest forward movement is an effort. Distant objects loom up suddenly before you and jump by. The landscape is a streaky line of green, blotched here and there as a house is passed. The gale seems to cut your face, and you feel yourself being gradually flattened out against the back of the seat. It seems that the glass in your auto goggles is on the point of breaking. Particles of dust are driven back in your eyes. You may become blinded. The vibration of the engine is terrific. Mysterious indicators fluctuate alarmingly. It may mean that the engine is on the point of exploding. What makes the floor tremble so? Surely something will happen now!

And then you hear explosions booming from the exhausts as the drivers "shut off." A sharp turn is ahead. The noise is deafening. The terrific speed does not seem to have been checked. The outline of the turn grows more distinct. It is sheer folly—maybe death—to rush at it at such a pace. You dare not breathe as the car tears into the bend. It skids and a wall of dirt is thrown up alongside you as the driver, with a sharp twist of the wheel, sends the car once more back in the middle of the road. You are safe—until another turn is encountered.—Hampton's Magazine.

A Painful Inference.

A teacher was instructing a class of boys and had spent half an hour trying to drive into their heads the difference between man and the lower animals, but apparently with little success.

"Tommy," he said coaxingly to a little chap, "do you know the difference between, say, me and a pig or any other brute?"

"No," replied Tommy innocently, but another teacher standing by laughed.—London Answers.

Alternating Currant Pie.

In the light of what has been learned about the housefly there is no longer any excuse for the gay insouciance of the poet who wrote a summer boarding house lyric, in which these lines occurred:

> Here, sir, is your currant pie,
> Alternating currant pie,
> First a currant, then a fly
> 'Neath the crust alternate lie.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not an Authority.

There are some persons who can't take a joke, but Fogg is not one of them. One of the boys, acquainted with Fogg's frequent changes of abode, asked him which he thought was the cheaper,—to move or to pay rent.

"I can't tell you, my dear boy," replied Fogg, "I have always moved."

Willing to Be the Goat.

"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" quoted the impassioned orator.

Then he paused a moment to let it take effect.

"Well," spoke up a half indignated man in the audience, "I'll be the goat. Why should it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Peace is not mere tranquillity, for tranquillity may be indifference.—Duffield.

WEDDED THE DEAD.

Queer Marriage Ceremony That Was Performed in Japan.

The tragic ending of a Japanese love story is reported by the Japan Chronicle from Tsuzuki, a little seaside village in the province of Nagatoka.

Ono Matsusaka, twenty years old, fell in love with Ono O-bun, a girl seventeen years old. The young couple sought the consent of their parents, and the father and mother of the girl refused to sanction the union. The two lovers decided to commit suicide rather than be separated. By appointment they met at a trysting place that had been the scene of their love making and embarked in a fishing boat. At a point some distance from shore they bound themselves together with some cloth brought along to serve that purpose and threw themselves into the sea.

Committing "shinju," as lovers' suicides are called in Japan, is such an ordinary occurrence that little attention is attracted by it, but this tragedy was followed by something exceptional in Japan.

When the two bodies, still bound together, were washed ashore the officials who examined them turned them over to their respective parents. The villagers were so deeply affected that they called upon the two bereaved families to "do justice" to the boy and girl by uniting them in marriage after death. The mayor of the village was especially insistent that the rites be performed, "so that the deceased might be safely united in the next world." The parents agreed, the ceremony was carried out in due form, and presents were exchanged between the two families. The ceremony was legally registered just as if it had taken place before the deaths of the bride and bridegroom.

Lafcadio Hearn in his "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" and "Gleanings in Buddha-fields" never brought the attention of the occident to any Japanese custom or occurrence stranger than this real happening that finds its way into the columns of a Japanese newspaper as a feature of the day's news.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MADDENING MONOTONY.

The Graveyard Sort of Life That Obtains in Sierra Leone.

It is difficult to explain how complete in normal times is the dullness of the small villages in the protectorate of Sierra Leone, on the coast of western Africa, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century and After. An hour before sunrise shadowy figures move noiselessly through the narrow alleys which separate the mud walled houses and in single file pass out of sight toward the farm lands. A little later children and a few women leave the houses to obtain water for cooking. They also go in single file and in a short while will return in the same manner carrying water in calabashes, except, perchance, one or two may be affluent enough to possess a tin in which kerosene oil has been imported. During the heat of the day people return and sit, silent and motionless, in the thatched roof verandas. Toward evening there is more movement. Food time generally brightens people even when it only means rice and peppers. Soon after sunset all sign of life ceases. There is no light in the houses, because oil is expensive, and a dying fire is enough when there is nothing to see except those you have seen all day; there are no sounds, save a baby's cry at intervals, or perhaps the weird call of some night bird, because people cannot talk much when no one has anything fresh to say. Next day will be the same, and so will be every day in the year except at festival times, such as when the girls or boys return, dancing and gayly decked, from the Porroh Bush. There is no church, no postman, no passing horse or carriage and no newspapers.

Warming Gold Dishes.

Castle Kilkenny is one of the oldest inhabited dwellings in the world, some of the rooms being 800 years old. Among its ancient treasures is a service of gold plate. Besides the ordinary plate service, Castle Kilkenny has the whole series of gold cups used at coronation banquets down to the time of George IV. The gold of the service plates is almost without alloy, consequently very soft and easily marred; hence the plates are warmed and presumably also washed after use by being dipped into hot water, held by a pair of tongs whose tips have been muffled in chamois leather.—London Mail.

A Freak of Nature.

Colonel Dennison had become the happy father of twins, and his unbounded pride in this twofold blessedness found expression on every occasion.

He stood with a friend on the bank steps one day as a young woman passed wheeling a baby carriage containing a pretty girl baby.

"Doesn't a woman look queer," said the colonel loftily, "with only one child?"—Success Magazine.

Got the Whole Story.

"What made you so late?"

"I met Jinx."

"Well, that's no reason why you should be an hour late getting home to supper."

"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling and the fool insisted on telling me."—Houston Post.

Long Courtship.

Maud—Are you engaged to Jack for good?

Ethel—It looks so. I don't think he'll ever be in a position to marry me.—Boston Transcript.

A DEADLY REPTILE

The Fer-de-lance the Most Venomous of All Serpents.

ITS STING A DEATH WARRANT

Little Chance For a Victim of the Fangs of This Terror of the Island of Martinique—The Cat and the Mongoose Its Most Formidable Enemies.

Every one is perfectly well aware that there exists a large number of venomous serpents—we have many of them right here in the United States; the rattler, for example—but probably no other spot in the known world has such a death dealing reptile as has the French island of Martinique, nestling in the limpid blue waters of the Caribbean sea. It is the fer-de-lance, scientifically known as Trigonocephalus lanceiatus, that can beyond the shadow of a doubt lay claim to being the most deadly serpent of the earth. Its sting means almost certain death.

There are eight distinct varieties, the most common being a dark gray and black speckled, which coloring enables it to conceal itself easily among roots and stumps of trees. Another variety is a clear, bright yellow, and when hidden in the freshly cut cane it can hardly be distinguished from the stalks. It may also be a dark yellow or coal black with a yellow belly.

It is not a large snake, rarely exceeding five feet in length and in circumference approximately the size of a child's arm. To repeat, the sting means almost certain death, and should not the service of a physician, or "paneur," as the natives call him, be obtained within a very short time the venom does its deadly work—the flesh grows cold, softens, becomes pulpy, changes in color, quickly begins to spot, and a great chilliness creeps through the blood. This lasts only a few minutes—possibly half an hour—then death.

If the victim is fortunate enough to get a physician upon the scene post-haste and no artery or vein has been pierced there is hope—just a faint hope—but even if life is saved the danger is not entirely removed, for in many cases necrosis of the tissues follows. The flesh corrupts and falls from the bones, and the body molders as does a tree.

There is, however, a heroic method of treatment often brought into use by the Martiniquans. It is the immediate amputation of the leg or arm if the sting happens to be in either. Even this has to be done at once and before the venom circulates through the system. There are to be seen today upon the island many natives with limbs missing, and in the majority of cases it is the result of having the machete, or cane knife, applied after an experience with a fer-de-lance.

The fer-de-lance is a fighter—and no mistake about it—aggressive and pugnacious, and domestic animals, with the cat as the one exception, stand a very poor show in a battle. Pussy, in about nine cases out of ten, will come out of the scrap with colors flying because of the fact that it is apparently quite as quick in movement and at the same time uses what may be termed ring generalship.

There is but one animal other than the cat that successfully wages war upon the fer-de-lance. It is the mongoose (ichneumon), imported from India a number of years ago for the sole purpose of getting rid of the snakes.

Of the weasel family and looking very much like it, this little animal is absolutely fearless so far as snakes are concerned and will just as readily tackle one five feet in length as one a foot long. From the mongoose the fer-de-lance will flee, but if cornered will put up a great fight, using every trick at its command—a useless sort of contest, however, for within a short time it will be stretched out lifeless.

A battle between these two natural enemies is well worth witnessing. It is never a "limited" fight, but to a finish always, and probably the snakes by this time have come to understand that when they enter such a combat it is with the odds greatly against them.

The mongoose is quite as clever a ring general as the cat and uses that gift to advantage. Strategy more than strength is its asset.

When they meet, and if the snake sees no avenue of escape, it prepares for battle, as does the mongoose, but in a more leisurely manner. It takes about one minute for them to get fully prepared. There is no shaking hands, so to speak, as by prizefighters.

The mongoose circles about the reptile, always at a safe distance and "drawing fire," inviting it by moving closer and closer to dart out its head and then, quickly jumping out of harm's way. It torments in every possible manner, causing the snake to change position time and time again, tiring it by forcing a strike again and again without ever reaching the objective point. At last, seeing its opponent at some particular disadvantage, the mongoose springs forward quick as a bolt of lightning, catches it firmly with the teeth behind the triangular head, a shake, possibly two, no more—and in less time than it takes to tell it the fer-de-lance is dead, its vertebrae severed.—New York Times.

The gods have attached almost as many misfortunes to liberty as to servitude.—Montesquieu.

A SERIOUS DINER.

The Way the Great Emperor Charles V. Ate His Meals.

The diary of a German gentleman, Bartholomew Sastrow, who lived in the time of the Emperor Charles V., gives us a good idea of the gastronomic customs of those times. Sastrow's description of the table habits of the greatest ruler in his day is very interesting.

Young princes and counts served the repast. There were invariably four courses of six dishes. The emperor had no one to carve for him. He began by cutting his bread in pieces large enough for one mouthful, then attacked his plate. He often used his fingers while he held the plate under his chin with the other hand.

When he felt thirsty he made a sign to the "doctor" standing by the table; then they went to the sideboard for two silver flagons and filled a goblet which held about a measure and a half. The emperor drained it to the last drop, practically at one draft.

During the meal he never uttered a syllable, scarcely smiled at the most amusing sallies of the jesters behind his chair, finally picked his teeth with quills and, after washing his hands, retired to a window recess, where anybody could approach him with a petition.

SALT WATER.

Deep Seas Are More Saline Than Those That Are Shallow.

The density of sea water depends upon the quantity of saline matter it contains. The proportion is generally about 3 or 4 per cent, though it varies in different places. The ocean contains more salt in the southern than in the northern hemisphere, and the Atlantic contains more than the Pacific. The greatest proportion of salt in the Pacific is in the parallels of 22 degrees north latitude and 17 degrees south latitude. Near the equator it is less, and in the polar seas it is least, from the melting of the ice.

The saltness varies with the seasons in these regions, and the fresh water, being lighter, is uppermost. Rain makes the surface of the sea fresher than the interior parts, and the influx of rivers renders the ocean less salt at their estuaries.

Deep seas are more saline than those that are shallow, and inland seas communicating with the main are less salt, from the rivers that flow into them. To this, however, the Mediterranean is an exception, owing to great evaporation and the influx of salt currents from the Black sea and the Atlantic. The water in the strait of Gibraltar at the depth of 670 fathoms is four times as salt as that at the surface.—St. James' Gazette.

"One" as a Pronoun.

I have never been smitten with the use of the word "one" as a pronoun. It takes a world jingler for attempt it and go away with it. Unless one for [illegible] one's spirits to [illegible] an extremely unpleasant [illegible] one gets himself and [illegible] of [illegible] should avoid [illegible] in referring to [illegible] a person. London Lit.

Swift.

For her children, nature is superior to man in everything. For instance there is a thing that travels so fast, the unseen wind. Willie Huh! You ought to hear what my pa says about a sight draft.—Puck.

His Part.

"Who is the responsible person in this firm?" asked the brusque caller at the office boy.

"Can't tell you, sir," replied the pert lad, "but I'm the one who gets all the blame."

Curiosity is looking over other people's affairs and overlooking our own.—Wayland.

ANTI ACHE

Cures Headache In a Flash

quick and sure and absolutely safe

No matter what the cause—over work, worry, neuralgia

At all druggists, 10c & 25c

Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

INSURANCE!

Life, Fire & Accident

—WRITTEN BY—

W. F. SPECHT,

Smethport, Pa.

In good reliable companies

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Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

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Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER

Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

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WAY TO SOUTH JOHNSVILLE.

Story of a Young Man, a Girl and an Automobile.

By ALLAN P. AMES.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"For downright chuckleheaded meanness," said King, "this town has everything in central New York hushed off the map."

"O-oh! Is that so-o?" said Zeb Williams, the town constable.

"I—I suppose you heard what I just said?" stammered the youth as he collided at the store door with a pretty girl. "I fear that in my haste I was too general. I didn't mean to include the whole town."

"You needn't explain," she said quickly. "I know how they treat people in automobiles."

King murmured something about its being of no consequence and had started toward his car when, to his surprise, she followed. "If you want to go to South Johnsville," she said, with friendly assurance, "I'll show you how."

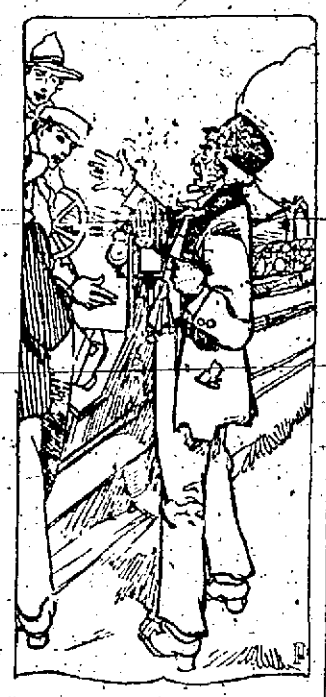
"Somehow or other I've a notion you live in that big brick house back in the trees by the four corners. Get in and I can set you down at your door, and you at the same time can point out which road 'tis to take."

Then the girl surprised him again. She accepted the invitation.

In the seat beside him, she showed intelligent interest in his valves and levers, and the conversation during the brief but swift run to the crossroads was mainly technical in its nature.

"Let me take you around the square and finish the lesson," he said. "It's only four or five miles, and I've all afternoon to get where I'm going."

"I should just love to," she replied, with a frankness he had learned to



"I HEREBY ARREST YE IN THE NAME OF THE LAW."

expect. "But I'm getting all dusty. Will you wait until I run up to the house and get a coat?"

"I'd wait—forever," asserted King.

Suddenly he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder and a triumphant shout in his ear:

"Quick, boys! I've got him! Here, you young squirt—no use tryin' to git away from me!"

King made a hard fight and with superhuman effort got the better of his opponent. Reinforcements, however, deprived him of his advantage, for two brawny young farmers, arriving on the run, tore his grip loose, and Zeb, stepping to the ground and throwing back his coat to reveal a shining metal badge attached to his left suspender, announced:

"I hereby arrest ye in the name of the law fer exceedin' the speed limit."

"Thought ye'd show off before the squire's darter, didn't ye?" taunted one of the youths who had rescued the constable. "When her pap comes back ye'll have a chance to tell him all about it. He's justice of the peace, he is, and he's death on city scorchers."

"The squire won't be ter home till tomorrer," announced Zeb Williams. "But, with the help of these here bracelets, I guess we kin take good care of ye. Hey, boys?"

As he spoke he drew from his pocket a huge pair of antiquated iron handcuffs.

"Oh, see here," protested King, "you don't have to do that. I'm ready to pay my fine, but you have no right to put me in handcuffs."

"Guess I haven't been constable of this town fer twenty years without knowin' my rights," retorted Williams. "Hold him tight, boys."

Compared with the struggle that then ensued the previous bout between King and the constable was a mere sparring match, for as Williams advanced with the handcuffs extended King glimpsed a slim figure in a long gray coat emerging from the house, and the thought of appearing ridiculous in her eyes lent him the strength of two. But his assailants were three, and plow and shovel had made their muscles as hard if not as supple as the bat and racket and oar had rendered King's. And as the girl, quickening her pace at the unexpected sight, reached the gate an ominous double click announced that the irons had locked about his wrists.

Hampered as he was, King still fought, with elbows, with shoulders, with knees, with feet—fought as primitive man might have battled blind with rage against overwhelming odds—while the body of the car lurched on its excellent springs as if traveling over a hummocky road. But the three villagers were gradually crushing him into submission and in a few seconds more he must have yielded, a breathless and humiliated captive, when help came from an unexpected quarter. Fully occupied with the struggle, none of the four men noticed that the silent spectator had advanced beside the car. She leaned forward, avoiding with difficulty their thrashing bodies, and suddenly from the throbbing motor shot a series of those violent, unmuffled explosions so alarming to unfamiliated ears.

The effect upon Zeb Williams and his two panting aids was instantaneous. With smothered ejaculations they simultaneously let go the prisoner and straightened up to gaze in alarm at the hooded motor which seemed on the point of tearing itself to pieces. Then, before they had a chance to recover their wits, the car started forward with a jolt that threw all three over the mud guards into the road.

On being released King also had started to rise, but the jerk of the car only sent him sprawling back into the seat next the driver's. There his right shoulder came in contact with a gray clad arm stretched out to the steering wheel, and, twisting about, he found the seat he had formerly occupied filled by a young lady with flushed cheeks and tousled hair intent at that moment on checking the machine's advance into the fence. He had not seen her jump to, but he realized that she must have performed this hazardous feat in the extremely brief interval that had intervened since his antagonists had lurched out of the car.

By the time he had raised his manacled hands to help her the girl had already brought the automobile back on the road. Then he let his hands drop on his knees as he noted the skillful manner in which she manipulated the levers and sent the car skimming along at a speed that quickly placed them beyond hearing of the frantic commands of the constable. For a quarter of a mile Williams and his assistants kept up the hopeless pursuit. Then a bend in the road hid them from sight, and King saw them no more.

"And you let me think I was giving you your first lessons," said King, speaking for the first time.

The girl deftly brought the machine to half speed before she replied, and then she did not answer his implied question. "We ought to reach South Johnsville in fifteen or twenty minutes," she announced. "Whose house there shall I take you to?"

"Oh, look here," exclaimed the young man, all at once realizing his position, "I can't let you get into trouble on my account. Isn't there some blacksmith nearby where I can have these things filed off?"

"No; it was my fault," she asserted. "I got you into this scrape, and I'm going to see you through. You needn't worry about me. My aunt, Mrs. Applewaite, lives in South Johnsville, and she'll see that I get back home all right."

"Mrs. Applewaite, did you say?"

"Yes," responded the girl without meeting his gaze. "Do you know her?"

"Know her!" cried King excitedly. "I should say I do. Why, it's her house I was bound for. Her son, Joe Applewaite, is one of my best friends, and I'm going there to stay over Sunday. "Say," he went on joyfully, leaning forward the better to see her face—"say, you aren't Emily Verone, are you? For if you are we're as good as old friends already. I've heard Joe talk about you and your family ever since I knew him. In fact, the chance of seeing you was one of the inducements he offered in connection with this visit."

"Of course I'm Emily Verone," she replied. "Do you mean to say Joe never told you what I look like?"

"Dozens of times. But—well, he always spoke as if you were a little girl with pigtails, and, besides, he never half did you justice."

"You might have suspected something when I was so ready to ride with you. Girls don't generally accept such an invitation, you know, from any stranger that happens along. Why, I knew who you were the minute you said South Johnsville."

For a moment King could think of no defense. But his crestfallen expression and the incongruously helpless figure he made, sitting disheveled and handcuffed by her side, dispelled Miss Verone's swift April anger more effectually than anything he could have said.

Suddenly she laughed aloud. "Won't Aunt Margaret and Joe be surprised when I come honking up to their door with a captive in chains?"

"Yes," agreed King with restored cheerfulness. "They'll wonder why you thought chains necessary."

Miss Verone regarded him severely. "A man in handcuffs shouldn't make speeches."

"Very well," he answered, unabashed. "I'll reserve the rest until we reach the Applewaites'!"

"The rest?"

"Yes. There are lots more things I might say. But haste isn't always wise, even for a man in an automobile."

"There is no reason why we shouldn't go faster," said Miss Verone as she reached for the speed control.

THE TRAIN BABY.

Her Presence Saved the Passengers From Death.

By WILLIAM ALFRED COREY.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

The shrill cries of the motherless child arose above the roar of the train and the labored coughing of the two big mogul engines as the Overland limited slowly climbed the steep grades between Salida and Marshall pass. Do what she would, the woman the train crew had installed as nurse could not pacify the poor little waif. It had been supplied with everything a baby could be imagined to need or want.

Indeed, the nurse had a suspicion that this overattention and overfeeding were what ailed the infant in the present crisis. Too much and too many kinds of candy from people who could think of no other way to show their interest had brought on colic.

"Come back and see Pacifica, Bill," said the conductor to the engineer of

"HI, THERE, YE LITTLE FURREIGNER!"

the through train when she finally came to a stop on the cold but sun crowned height of the pass. "Pacifica in a bad way. Maybe you can quiet the kid. Nobody else can."

The trainmen had named the baby "Pacifica" and adopted her as their own when they wired the authorities in Los Angeles of the mother's death and made arrangements for the infant's care. "The little czarina," "Babyoffsky" and various other names had been suggested. But Cy Werner, the fireman, whom the engineer described as "a sort of bookish, sentimental cuss," had insisted on "Pacifica" as the most appropriate name, and the rest had acquiesced. So "Pacifica" the little stranger was throughout the rest of the long journey.

"All right, Mr. Barnes," said the big engineer; "I'll be there directly."

And directly a hen he had finished "oiling 'er up" and deposited the long nosed can in its place in the cab, he started back along the train to where the little uncrowned queen lay yelling at full lung power, which was excellent, and kicking and fighting like a true revolutionist.

The engineer's hypnotic presence worked quick and marvelous results. "Hi, there, ye little furreigner, wot's the matter?" he called out, dangling a glove above the improvised crib with one hand and catching a diminutive pink toe between the fingers of the other. "Wot's the matter? Don't Amerikky suit ye nother?"

Then he opened his eyes wide and said "Boo!" as he bent down low and looked into the blue depths of the big orbs.

"O-o-ogle, oogle, goo, cool" said the baby as her cries suddenly ceased and a wide smile of delight spread itself over her face.

"I think so myself," said the engineer, tickling Pacifica's fat chin with a stout finger.

"Goo-goo-google goo!" again remarked the baby, suddenly grasping the engineer's long mustaches with both hands and hanging on as though suspended in midair.

"Ouch, ye little terrorist!" winced the engineer, while the ring of bystanders roared.

But the infantile crisis was passed, and with a "that's the way to do it" all the man of the throttle and drive wheels went back to his seat in the cab, the conductor called "All aboard!" and the train resumed its journey toward the sunset slope.

They were snowed in for a day before reaching Ogden, and Pacifica was almost the sole diversion wherewith the storm bound community beguiled the slow hours. A stranger in a far strange land; she had more friends than she could well manage, though all were willing to be managed. The only baby on the train, her welfare was apparently the one concern of all.

Elegant, fur wrapped ladies brought dainties from the Pullman car buffet to please the child of poverty and misfortune. Dignified men of wealth and affairs inquired anxiously as to the little one's comfort and wanted to know if there was anything they could do. A newly married couple on their honeymoon were effusively solicitous. A titled somebody from somewhere calmly adjusted his monocle and smiled grimly as he studied the fit of democratic humanity. All did what they could. And many who could do nothing else paid the eloquent tribute of silent tears. A baby, a poor helpless waif from a foreign land, had done what has baffled the logic of centuries—it had broken the granite barriers of social caste and captured the citadel of the common human heart.

The snow blockade was raised, and the train moved on. And Pacifica ruled her moving aristocracy with her scepter of love as they passed Ogden, crossed the sagebrush deserts of Nevada and climbed the Sierras. She wanted for nothing that her loyal subjects could supply. As each successive crew took charge of the train the train baby was duly and cheerfully accepted as a part thereof. These blunt, rough men of the iron rails were as gentle and tender with the orphaned child whom chance had thrown in their way as though she had been of their own flesh and blood. If she was fretful at a siding or desert watering tank she would be taken out of her car and passed about among the trainmen, train dispatcher, conductor, engineer, fireman, brakemen, porters, baggagemen and hotel runners, all taking awkward turns at holding her or otherwise contributing to her entertainment. Pacifica owned the train and the whole works.

The Sierras were crossed, Sacramento was reached and passed, and the train headed south toward the San Joaquin and Los Angeles.

A few miles south of Sacramento a storm, suddenly blowing in from the ocean, was encountered, which increased in violence as they neared Bakersfield and the Tehachepi mountains.

At Bakersfield the wind was blowing a fifty mile clip, and the rain was coming down like a cloudburst.

"Ticklish business up there, Rogers!" yelled the conductor to the engineer as he waved his hand toward the storm swept heights of the Tehachepi. Rogers had no need to be told of the danger of landslides in this the first severe storm of the season.

It was [illegible] when the engineer stopped for water a short distance below tunnel No. 5. The night was very [illegible] and rested about the train like an army of demons. [illegible] paused in their [illegible] of their [illegible] the engines, feeling air [illegible] ready for the [illegible] when suddenly Pacifica's [illegible] car just back of the [illegible] the noise of the storm.

It was [illegible] of the engineer walking back to the tender, and straightway, instead of the screaming wind and lashing rain, he heard the voice of his own child calling to him from a new made grave in Los Angeles, and instead of the two glistening rails stretching away from the headlight into the gloom he saw the pleading eyes and outstretched arms of his dead boy. And the heart of the brave man came up in his throat, and he felt coming over him the weakness that for days had incapacitated him after his loss.

"Oh, my God!" he muttered to himself as the plaintive cry again smote his ears. "That sounded like little Bob."

And then Engineer Rogers did an unprecedented thing. Telling his fireman he would return in a minute, he started back through the storm to where Pacifica lay crying and refusing to be comforted.

Dripping with storm water, he edged his way through the circle of attendants and bent over the train baby's crib.

The crying instantly ceased. Whether it was the play of the car lights on his wet raincoat or the hypnotism of love in his presence there was no telling. But the plaint stopped and was not resumed until he had toyed with her for a moment and turned to go.

Then the wailing began again, nor did it cease until the engineer turned and again smiled down into the big blue eyes.

The moments followed each other unnoted, and the Southern Pacific Overland limited was being held while her engineer played with an orphaned emigrant child. Again and again he turned to go, and again and again the baby arms were held out in irresistible appeal.

Suddenly the roar of the storm outside was interrupted by a deeper and more significant roar, mingled with rending, crashing sounds, followed by a concussion which shook the whole mountain side.

A landslide! Not a trainman but recognized these ominous sounds. Instantly a handcar was manned and went forward to reconnoiter.

A mile up the track they found the mouth of tunnel No. 5 completely barricaded by a vast mass of huge bowlders and earth and tree trunks, swept from their anchorage on the heights above.

Rogers held his watch in the light of a lantern. "According to schedule," he said calmly to the grim faced men about, "my fireman and I ought to be lying under that pile of rocks and earth, and you fellows and 200 passengers ought to be furnishing fuel for your own cremating down yonder at the foot of the grade. But I disobeyed orders to play with a sick baby and death missed us by five minutes."

And twenty four hours later, when the belated Overland crossed the divide, emerged from the storm into the sun flooded valleys to the south and reached its destination, Pacifica, the train's good angel, carried a purse of $500 and thanks in all the languages to the sad hearted Russian father who, with a large contingent from the foreign quarter, waited at the Arcade station.

OLD TIME PUNISHMENT.

Agony of a Day in the Stocks For a Fit of Bad Temper.

A record on file in the library of congress contains an account of the adventures of a certain Hubbard, who was sentenced in Boston to the stocks for having indulged in an unwarrantable fit of ill temper, says Harper's Weekly. When he had taken his seat for the day there came along a drove of swine, which seemed to cast upon him those leering looks that only a fat pig can bestow. A dog followed, sniffing at the prisoner's feet and making feints—unpleasantly approaching reality—of biting him. Then a cock, mounting to the very top of the stocks, crowed his derision upon the victim below, and presently a rough fellow, after indulging in ugly taunts, threw at him fetid toadstools and a dead snake.

Then an Indian appeared, who in a drunken rage, stimulated by some fancied injury, rushed at Hubbard with a tomahawk, probably intending nothing worse, however, than to give him a severe fright, which he certainly succeeded in doing.

Help came from an unexpected quarter, for at that moment an old bull came tearing down the road. His attention was attracted by the stocks, and with a roar he prepared for a charge.

Alarmed in his turn, the savage dashed off. The bull made a dash at the stocks and carried away the corner post, but without even grazing the object of his apparent wrath. Whether he was disgusted by the little he had accomplished or his animosity was thus satisfied, he started off, bellowing and shaking his head, much to the relief of the said Hubbard.

And then the unfortunate man was left in comparative peace to his own meditations and the cutting sleet of a November day.

A COURSE OF DINNERS.

It Includes Roasted Peas as a Substitute For Coffee.

In a little book called "The Economical Housekeeper," published about the year 1810, there is given on one page "A Course of Dinners For a Week." At the time of its publication the little book was most popular, as is proved by the author's preface to the second revised edition. She says:

"Encouraged by the very favorable reception that our humble labors have met in the rapid sale of the first edition of 1,500 copies in about fifteen weeks, and the demand still continuing, we have improved the time by endeavoring to make the present edition more worthy of patronage, if possible, than the first."

Therefore it is probable that the "course of dinners" which follows was considered admirable at that time:

"Monday—Tea, coffee or cocoa, with mincemeat, bread and butter in winter, bread and milk in summer.

"Tuesday—Boiled dish, with apple dumplings.

"Wednesday—Roasted or baked meat with bread pudding.

"Thursday—Broiled steak or fresh fish, with baked rice pudding.

"Friday—Baked beans, with baked Indian pudding.

"Saturday—Salt codfish boiled, with apple pie.

"Sunday—Morning, hashed fish and coffee; noon, bread and butter, cheese, pie, doughnuts."

It is a suggestive paragraph which appears on the same page:

"Peas, roasted and ground, are an excellent substitute for coffee, and you would hardly know which is best."—Youth's Companion.

Value of the Kangaroo's Tail.

So important is the kangaroo's tail in his rapid progress that experienced hunters with guns are accustomed to fire at the point where this appendage joins the body, when, the tail being disabled for its office of balancing, the animal is as effectually stopped as if hamstrung. Hit elsewhere, except with a rifle bullet or at point blank range, the kangaroo is pretty likely to get off. One peculiarity of the kangaroo is that, after being started up, he very rarely swerves from his course, through which peculiarity he is easily "potted" by hunters, who conceal themselves while a man on horseback drives the herd toward them.

Insect Wonders.

Nothing can exceed the perfection of the minutest parts of the insect organization in general. The finest strand in a spider's web, which can scarcely be seen, is said to be composed of no less than 4,000 threads. On a single wing of a butterfly have been found 100,000 scales and on that of a silkworm moth 400,000, each of these minute scales being a marvel of beauty and completeness in itself. So thin are the wings of many insects that 50,000 placed over each other would only be a quarter of an inch thick, and yet, thin as they are, each is double.

Puzzled Tommy.

"Pa," said Tommy, "my Sunday school teacher says if I'm good I'll go to heaven."

"Well, what about it?" said his pa.

"Well, you said if I was good I'd go to the circus. Now, I want to know who's fibbing, you or her?"—Lippincott's.

The Similarity.

"Lucky at cards, unlucky at love," quoted the wise guy.

"Well, either is simply a case of holding hands," said the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

To encourage talent is to create it.—Lessing.

CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

The Famous Battle of the Little Big-horn River.

General George A. Custer was one of the most notable cavalry officers developed during the war of the rebellion. It was his fortune to be in the thick of the conflict within a few days after leaving the training school at West Point, and from that time until the day of his death his life was filled with strenuous work and stirring adventure, in which he was frequently exposed to deadly peril.

The closing chapter of his life, which came with what is known in history as "Custer's last fight," which occurred on June 26, 1876, was a tragedy, but he died like a soldier.

For a number of years after the civil war Custer had been engaged in Indian fighting on the frontier of the United States. Many of these engagements were among the most thrilling in the history of Indian warfare in this country.

The famous expedition which led up to the famous battle of the Little Big-horn river was started on May 17, 1876, when General Terry, his officers, of whom General Custer was one, and his troops left Fort Lincoln, Dakota. Every one realized that the campaign was likely to be a decisive one. It was planned to strike the Indians a serious blow—one from which they could not recover.

The advance was begun under favorable conditions, and the Little Big-horn mountains were reached on June 25 and the Indian village located. A slight accident gave the red men warning. Nobody knows exactly how the battle of Little Bighorn was fought. The statements made afterward by the Indians were contradictory, but they all agreed that Custer's appearance was a great surprise. The best evidence shows that the Indians closed in on both right and left and placed Custer at once on the defensive. Closer and closer the coil tightened around that plucky band. One after the other of the troopers fell, the horses were stampeded, the ammunition ran low, no messenger had been able to break through the lines, and the mortality among the officers was heavy.

Then Custer had his troops fire two volleys in succession, the usual cry for help. It was heard in Reno's camp, its significance was understood, but no help came. Soon came the final act of the tragedy. The Indians closed in from all sides, led by the cruel chiefs Crow King, Gall, Crazy Horse and Rain-in-the-Face. It was a hand to hand fight. It was 150 against 1,000. Grouped about Custer were twenty or thirty desperate men. They fought with their leader, they fought for their leader, until the last man lay dead.

Not an American officer or soldier lived to tell the tale of "Custer's last fight." Never in the history of the world was the bravery, devotion to duty and perfect discipline of troops better illustrated. Almost without exception the bodies of the men were found just where they had fought. Each company was in the place assigned, troopers in line and their officers in position. They fought a losing battle, but they fought without flinching. They were killed, but not disgraced.—Detroit Free Press.

Old Mosque Legends.

The great Begova mosque in Serajevo is the largest mosque in Europe after those of Constantinople and Selim's mosque in Adrianople. In its courtyard stands an old stone, across the top of which there is a groove precisely the length of a Turkish ell. Tradition says that a pasha placed it there to checkmate the local merchants' habitual use of false measures in defiance of the express commandment of the Koran.

But another of Serajevo's hundred mosques has a much better legend. Before this may be seen the tombs of the seven holy dervishes who were beheaded 200 years ago for a great theft. After the decapitation each body tucked its head under its arm and walked into the mosque. So those dervishes are worshiped as saints to this day.

A Large Volume.

The biggest book in Washington is not in the Congressional library. It is in the reference room of the geological survey on F street, where its huge bulk reposes on a stand made especially for it. It is a dictionary and consists of half a dozen volumes bound under one generous cover that must have taken several calfskins to provide the leather binding. It contains 7,085 pages and weighs as much as a high school girl. By contrast the fat Webster's Unabridged that lies alongside this great Jumbo of a book looks like a pocket edition of the "Rubaiyat."

Didn't Like Comparisons.

"What made that prima donna demand your discharge?"

"I wrote an article," replied the press agent, "saying that she sings like an angel. She said she saw no reason for complimentary reference to anybody's singing except her own."—Washington Star.

Quits Some—Death to Others.

"Iron may be good for the blood of some," remarked the worm as the angler threaded the hook through him gently, "but I fear it will be the death of me!"

And yet the fish that swallowed the iron a little later was quite carried away with it.

Fatal.

The Lady—Get out! You're the man I gave a piece of my cake to only an hour ago. The Hobo—No, mum. I'm that poor feller's ghost!—Cleveland Leader.

With "Nebraska Bill's" Wild West.

GREAT M'KEAN COUNTY FAIR.

(Continued from Page 1)

nish an interesting part of the program Thursday.

Friday is School Field Day when the students from the various schools of the county show their prowess at athletic sports. In past years this feature has been one of the most interesting ones of the fair. Prof. B. S. Hayle, County Superintendent of Schools, again has this part of the program in charge. On Friday also the matter of the new ownership of the fair association's $950 automobile is determined. The grandstand audience will again conduct this part of the program.

The offerings of the fair this year for the amusement of people are better than ever. In addition to the above special features there will be lots of band music, trotting and running races each day, free exhibitions in front of the grandstand by Nebraska Bill and his cowboys, cowgirls and Indians. This Wild West show is filling a prolonged engagement at Atlantic City and comes highly recommended. They also give a complete show twice daily in their large tent on the grounds to which a reasonable admission will be charged. There will be other free vaudeville acts on the platform in front of the grandstand, including the Great Lorre Troupe, composed of five people, in their trick horse act and the Tumbling Toni Troupe, both of which are high class artists in their respective lines.

The classes for the horse races will be announced next week. President Hilton is working hard to make this year's racing the best ever. A large field of runners is already assured.

The 1910 Premium List is now being distributed throughout the county. Here in Smethport copies are ready for all interested, at the Secretary's office. Among other changes in the regulations this year we note that entries must be made by 10 p. m. the Saturday before the fair. The Secretary's office is a busy place just now. The advertising is receiving much attention and every morning the fair auto starts out with advertising for different points in this and adjoining counties. The Entry Books are now open and persons making entries early will receive best attention, although an increased force of help will be ready to take care of all intending exhibitors as the last days for making entries draw near. Mrs. Guy McCoy will again have charge of this important part of the fair.

The Secretary's office is an interesting place to visit. It is open all the time after Aug. 20. Local and long distance 'phones in the office.

Excursions and special rates are again arranged, as on former years. In fact details are being worked out for this year's fair which already insure success. It will be a great week. Everybody should prepare to attend every day and not forget to exhibit something. The exhibiting proposition is a simple one, simply make your entrys with the Secretary and get a ticket for the one dollar you pay to exhibit. This ticket admits you to the fair all the week. This fee entitles you to make entries for premiums amounting to ten dollars. The Secretary's office will be glad to assist intending exhibitors in any way. Call, write or 'phone. Many improvements are being made at the fair grounds providing more room for exhibitors. Exhibitors in the horse department are requested to communicate at once with Geo. Richards, Supt., Smethport, regarding space they require.

Again we say, get ready for the Big Fair, buy your season ticket, send one to your friend—if any of them anticipate a visit to McKean county urge them to come during fair week, when they can see all their friends at the fair.

THE GRANGE PICNIC

(Continued from Page 1.)

Program.

11 a. m.—Athletic Contests between Granges.

Tug of War—Silk Flag goes to winners.

MEN.

Hop, Skip and Jump—1st prize, watch; 2nd, safety razor.

Sack Race—1st prize, pearl handle knife; 2nd, razor strap.

Broad Jump—1st prize, flash light; 2nd, watch fob.

LADIES.

Potato Race—1st prize, carving set; 2nd, salad bowl.

Peanut Race—1st prize, hammock; 2nd, water set.

12 noon—Picnic Dinner

1:30—Lit erary Program.

Music .....Eldred Band
Invocation
Quartette .....Wood Brothers
Address .....Wm. T. Greasy
State Master
Quartette .....Wood Brothers
Music .....Eldred Band
Address .....John A. McSparran
Music .....Eldred Band
3:30 p. m.—Big Baseball Game.

BIG OIL WELL.

Was Shot on Annin Creek Last Week.

The oil excitement on Annin Creek is more intense rather than modified. Will Bradley drilled a well into the Bradford sand during the last days of July and on Tuesday of last week exploded fifty quarts of glycerine in it, as there was some showing of oil. With the explosion came up considerable fine oil of the Pennsylvania quality and the hole filled up about 300 feet. Bradley arranged for pumping it and commenced to build a tank but in a leisurely manner. Yesterday the well commenced to flow and before workmen could complete arrangements to save the oil it is estimated that forty barrels ran to waste. At noon yesterday they closed it in and by 6 o'clock had pumped thirty barrels into a reservoir and the well wasn't exhausted. The territory all about has been tested and while there was always some indication of oil, it hadn't been found in paying quantities. Most of the land there is leased and other wells will be put down.

Farmers Valley Items.

Keith Chambers of Tidioute, Pa., and Miss Lina Austin of Ceres, N. Y., visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Otto the past week.

Lora E. Otto, having recovered from an attack of measles, has returned to her work at the Kervin Glass Co. at Eldred.

D. C. Rice is building an addition to his home. Harry Patterson is assisting him in the work.

August Tanner and family now ride out in a bran new top buggy.

The new binder recently purchased by Theodore Cleveland and Claude Patterson was put out of business by Mr. Cleveland's team running away with it.

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

The Stalk Borer.

A request for information on the identity of a "worm" found boring inside of a corn stalk was sent to State Zoologist Surface a few days ago with the request for information on its identity, habits, methods of prevention, and destruction, to which Professor Surface replied:

"I am glad to hear from you and appreciate your interest in sending us the borers in the corn stalks. These are the Stalk borers of the genus Hydroecia. They are not generally responsible for boring in corn stalks in this State, although they do considerable injury to tomatoes, potatoes and various other plants, as well as weeds. They bore in nearly all weeds large enough to give them food. For this reason the destruction of large weeds at this time of year is an important thing. If the large weeds on the premises, around fences, and especially in damp places along streams and along rivers, are mowed two or three times a year, so as to prevent these larvae from coming to maturity, it would be the greatest aid possible toward checking the Stalk borers.

"This particular larva develops into a moth which flies at night, and lays its eggs on the stalk, and from these the larvae hatch, feeding within the stalk, not in the soil, there to remain during the winter to come forth as an adult or winged moth again in the spring.

"It is advisible to destroy all infested plants of any kind as soon as they are found, for the sake of holding this pest in check."

WILLIAMS GROVE PICNIC.

Reduced Rates via. Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Grangers' picnic at Williams Grove, Pa., August 29 to September 3, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Williams Grove from stations in Pennsylvania and from Baltimore, Elmira, Frederick and intermediate stations on the Northern Central Railway, August 23 to September 2 inclusive, good for going passage only on date of issue, and for return passage to reach original starting point not later than September 6, at reduced rates.

Aug. 18—2t

The fall term of the Lock Haven State Normal school begins September 6th. Room can be reserved now. Careful parents are ranking this institution as one of the best Normal Schools in the state. Its graduates are successful as teachers and they show the effect of the splendid social life of the school. It does not seek numbers and therefore it will only accept such students as are serious minded and who are willing to conform to the ideals of the school. Its beautiful location and splendid faculty and fine equipment are among its commendable features. Address the Principal for its illustrated catalog.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F. rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

Green Corn.

At the following places you will find fresh home grown green corn from the garden of D. M. Brasted: Brownell's, Engstrom's, Brennan's and Brasted's Bakery. Aug. 18-2t

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

Kodol For Indigestion
Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That the following amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section 26 of Article V., which reads as follows: "Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law, and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; but, notwithstanding any provisions of this Constitution, the General Assembly shall have full power to establish new courts, from time to time, as the same may be needed in any city or county, and to prescribe the powers and jurisdiction thereof, and to increase the number of judges in any courts now existing or hereafter created, or to reorganize the same, or to vest in other courts the jurisdiction theretofore exercised by courts not of record, and to abolish the same wherever it may be deemed necessary for the orderly and efficient administration of justice.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to eliminate the requirement of payment of taxes as a qualification of the right to vote.

Resolved (if the House of Representatives concur), That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That section one of article eight be amended, by striking out the fourth numbered paragraph thereof, so that the said section shall read as follows:

Section 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact.

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, if having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months), immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

A true copy of Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six of article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the county of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and coordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such manner as shall be provided by rules of court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the county of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine,
Section Eight.

Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts, hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Children! Children!!
My! what a noise!
But it's not the children — it's your head
ANTI-ACHE
"Cures headache in a flash."
Soothes and quiets—Puts your head in a quiet, normal condition—clear as a bell—free from pain. Does not affect the heart. Any druggist, 10c and 25c. Wayne Chemical Co. Clarion, Pa.

YOUR SUMMER OUTFIT.

We are Prepared to Supply From Hat to Hose—In the Best Taste and at Right Prices.

What will interest you particularly is our selection of Spring Suits and Top Coats—they are in the latest fashion—smart to a degree—and priced at about half the figures at which equally good made-to-measure is sold.

$15 - $20 - $25.

Boys' and Children's Suits.

A large and fine assortment. We are offering a very special value in a Boy's Suit, with two pairs of trousers, at $5.00. These suits run from 6 to 17 years of age, and every one is worth $7.50 of anybody's money.

Neckwear Beauties for Sunday Wear.

Rich shadings of pure silk and patterns galore, 25c to $1.00

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

We have received a new line of Up-to-date

Jewelry, Watches, Clocks and Rings,

Also a fine line of Art Brass Ware. Watch Repairing and Engraving.

ENGSTROM & OLSON, Jewelers
The up-to-date Jeweler.

A New Line of
FINE PERFUMES
Just Received at the
A. B. ARMSTRONG Drug Store.

You need not go out of town to order fine engraving. Come and see our samples of wedding Cards, invitations, Announcements, Visiting Cards, Business Cards, etc.

Professional Cards.

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Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a
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Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women.
Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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Prices Right. Over 25 Years.
Office Marion & Carlson Bld. Experience.

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SMETHPORT, - - PA.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

Wait For the Wagon
Every Tuesday and Saturday
Or telephone 149 or 40f, when you are in need of some good fresh fruit and vegetables.
Fine line for Easter—Such as Strawberries, Cucumbers, celery, etc., we will always have reasonable truck.
Watch this Space Next Week, I Can Save you Money.
C. H. Gleason